SEPTEMBER 1959

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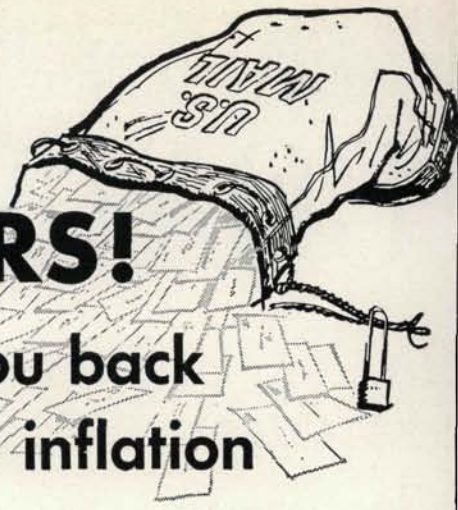
To Thousands of Americans:

THANKS FOR YOUR LETTERS!



By a 20 to 1 margin you back our stand against more inflation

Shortly after the steel strike began, we published a statement in a number of newspapers across the country. It was headed "Steel Union on Strike for More Inflation."

We told you about the highly inflationary demands of the Steelworkers Union. We told about our unsuccessful efforts to avert a strike, and the various offers and proposals we made during the course of negotiations.

At the very end of the statement we asked for your comments.

Thousands of you took the time and trouble to reply. We very much appreciate your views.

By a 20 to 1 margin you supported our stand against inflation.

A few excerpts from typical telegrams, letters, and postcards are shown in the columns below. They came from union members, housewives, retired people, businessmen, professional men, farmers—Americans from coast to coast.

To all of you we pledge that we will continue to reflec the earnest hopes of this broad section of Americans tha inflation be halted.

You have already told us how you feel. Why not tel Mr. David J. McDonald, president, United Steelworker of America. His address is 1500 Commonwealth Building Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

THE STEEL COMPANIES COORDINATING COMMITTE
375 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

This advertisement sponsored by
REPUBLIC STEEL
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Republic Steel serves the missile and rocket industry from nose cone t launching equipment. Republic is the world's largest producer of allo and stainless steels, and is a major producer of titanium. Republic Ste also produces many of the basic materials and steel products neede at launching sites.

I am a skilled machinist with a great dislike for writing letters. But I think every American should answer your call . . . Hold that line.
Chicago, Ill.

. . . for the first time in my life, I am going to stop and write a letter expressing my opinion . . . Congratulations . . . don't let us down in this situation. *Hartford, Conn.*

Please hold the line even if I get laid off.
Needham, Mass.

I have never gained anything from any of the former steel strikes. *Lebanon, Pa.*

Wish the day would come soon when we can vote on management's proposals. *Homestead Park, Pa.*

Although I am a member of the carpenters' union, you are 100 percent correct. *Butler, Pa.*

For the sake of our country . . . do not sign another inflationary contract.
South Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . rather than further raises, why not consider a reduction in steel costs . . . *Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

Your decision to take a firm stand against inflation is the best news we have had for a long time.
Seattle, Wash.

Please stick to your guns—we cannot endure much more inflation. *San Diego, Calif.*

Stick to it . . . I am a working man, too.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Talking to the boys in the plant I have not found anyone who favors a strike. *Massillon, Ohio*

My brother-in-law a USW member in Gary, Ind., agrees (with the companies) and he says the majority of his fellow workers agree.
St. Paul, Minn.

Is your definition of inflation more and more profits with fewer and fewer benefits?
Indianapolis, Ind.

I support your views even though a prolonged strike will leave me without a job. *Joliet, Ill.*

I am a laboring man . . . I am convinced that this is the time to stand pat and let the labor bosses know they are not the only individuals to be considered. *Covington, Ohio*

As a member of the armed forces I represent over a million who are seriously hurt by inflation.
Chenault AFB, La.

I am a small business man whose business is adversely and directly affected by this strike . . . I am ready to endure whatever inconvenience or hardship necessary, to bring about a return of the principle of honest and fair collective bargaining.
Johnson City, Tenn.

I am a farmer and the cost of labor and material has increased to the point where I can no longer keep my buildings, fences, etc., in repair.
Manitou Beach, Mich.

Use of the word inflation as a motive to refuse higher wages is wrong. *New York, N. Y.*

I think you have been more than fair in this proposal. *Waterloo, Ia.*

Your stand on steel strike impresses me as being only intelligent answer to best interest of not only our country but of the world.
Charlotte, N. Car.

Finally you have done what should have transpired long before to check inflation and its ultimate evils. *Los Angeles, Calif.*

I would like to see and be a part of some action that would curb the power of a handful of union officials who are able to and do upset the economy. *Downers Grove, Ill.*

I am a Union man . . . I do heartily agree with your stand. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Not one of our neighbors or friends is in favor of this present strike. *Gary, Ind.*

Inflation today is a serious business.
Westbury, N. Y

Inflation must be halted. *Salt Lake City, Uta*

I am against anything that will add fuel to th fires of inflation. *Los Angeles, Cali*

It is perhaps unfair to ask you, the steel com panies, to suffer a strike for the good of all of u but then I think we and you prefer this stan rather than further government controls.
Milwaukee, Wi

Ask your grocer if more millions of dollars for th steel workers wouldn't make business better? Wel I have asked them. The answer? Not if it's take out of the pockets of other customers. Not if means inflation. *Canton, Oh*

I am a member of the Utility Workers Unic but do not agree with everything that is suggeste by a union leader. *Warren, Oh*

Inflation is just as disastrous as war.
Akron, Oh

You will become unpopular in some circles, b the American working man will have cause thank you in the long run. *St. Louis, M*

It's high time the ordinary citizen was given little consideration. *Comstock, Wi*

I am a working man and satisfied with wages pr vided living costs can be kept where they are.
Chicago, I

Inflation is eating the very heart out of most the old people. My social security was increas $78 per year, but my home taxes went up $84.6
Cincinnati, Oh

I strongly urge a stand against wage increases.
East Aurora, N.

Stop . . . before we use a wheelbarrow of mon to buy a loaf of bread. *Rockford, I*

I have great admiration for your courage a wisdom. *Deerfield, I*

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COMMENTARY

THE GREAT ARAB SCHISM

Can Kassem and Nasser Coexist?

RAY ALAN

IRAQ and Egypt celebrated the anniversaries of the coups which made them both military republics within eight days of one another. The Egyptians, only vaguely aware of what they are supposed to be celebrating, are by now broken to the routine; but the Iraqi republic is still something of a novelty, and Baghdad had never seen such a spectacle as was put on last July 14. There were carnival floats and clowns and unveiled girls with flowers in their hair and a pavement-shattering display of British and Soviet tanks. Banners celebrating the destruction of privilege and imperialism streamed by to the tune of such rousing revolutionary marches as "The British Grenadier." The crowds were in uproarious good humor. Britons and Americans who might have been taken for a drag a year ago had they been available were grinned at and treated to "Bebsi-Cola." General Kassem was cheered and lauded in poetry, song, and slogan as the strong man of the moment is always cheered and lauded in the Arabic-speaking Near East, without the cheers and flattery meaning very much or committing anyone very deeply.

Not that Kassem is not genuinely popular. At the moment, his government is probably the most popular Iraq has ever had. It enjoys the support of the army and the urban mob and the good will of the peasants, the Kurds, and the younger Shi'ites. (There are a million Kurds in Iraq, two and a half million Shi'ite Arabs and two million Sunni—orthodox Moslem—Arabs.) The Communists proclaim their devotion to Kassem and make great use of his name—so successfully that until recently many credulous folk believed him to be their leader—despite their resentment of recent government measures to reduce their nuisance value.

General Kassem's followers are held together, for the time being, by the knowledge that a split in their alliance would at once benefit the "reactionary" camp—to which they relegate Nasserists as well as the sheikhly remnants of the Hashemite regime. But the Iraqi is as fickle in his political affections as he is tenacious in his religious hatreds; and much of the government's support is conditional. Townsmen and peasants are avid for economic betterment and social

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THE revolutionary struggle in Iraq, and its impact on the entire Middle East, is the subject of two articles in this issue: this analysis by RAY ALAN, and the report by JOHANN CASPAR which follows. Mr. Alan, a British journalist who has just returned from another tour of the Middle East, is a regular contributor. His recent articles on that area have included "Conqueror's Causeway" (April 1959), "Iraq After the Coup" (September 1958), and "Rival Blocs in the Middle East" (April 1958).

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reform, army officers for a new order based on merit, efficiency, and a more or less socialist economy: without clearly understanding what socialism implies, they are adamant that development funds derived from the country's oil income must not enrich private industrialists and landlords. The Kurds want a measure of autonomy; pan-Arabists expect Kassem to advance the cause of Arab unity more effectively than Nasser. All are impatient, and all will readily acclaim some new hero if Kassem fails to deliver the goods. The government, realizing that even the most rapturous enthusiasm wears off, is reinforcing its security apparatus and making a great show of the strength and mobility of its armored division (whose commander is, however, stated to be pro-Communist). A full complement of police is on duty, and officials who up to a year ago just used to vanish from July to September (the Hashemites' advisers were all agreed that it was too hot for anyone to make a revolution in summer) are stickily and peevishly at their desks.

Republican Baghdad is already an uneasy city. It is becoming, old acquaintances say, a city of fear. There is a certain amount of amateurish shadowing and wire-tapping, and Iraqis are less willing than they used to be to confide in Westerners—or in each other. Iraqis who have foreign friends are expected to report the fact to the Criminal Investigation Department. Western embassies have at times been cordoned off and visitors required to explain their business to an Iraqi officer. The few remaining Jews—anti-Zionists whose dearest desire is to be considered good Iraqis—are alarmed by sporadic anti-Jewish propaganda and discrimination and beginning to wonder whether they wouldn't, after all, have been wiser to accompany the 100,000 who emigrated to Israel eight years ago.

But Hashemite Baghdad, too, was a city of fear for a great many people. Police spies, arbitrary arrest, rigged trials, and internment camp oblivion were features of the Hashemite scene, too. Of the two regimes, the present one is more to the taste of the average Iraqi, who, after all, is the man that matters. The British and American journalists, diplomats, and businessmen who find this fact so hard to take and profess to be shocked by the new government's harshness were cushioned from the barbarities of its predecessor by their priviliged status as the friends of the ruling oligarchy. They cannot complain if the pendulum has swung against them and they are now subjected to bureaucratic and "security" vexations like everyone else: they had their day, and that they frittered it away propagating the cocktail party rather than the political party facet of the Western way of life is nobody's fault but their own.

EGYPTIAN diatribes against the Iraqi republic—six months ago a source of unease—no longer cause its leaders any concern. They have discredited Nasser more than Kassem. "We have no time for such nonsense," Kassem says, "and if the Egyptians stop their stupid attacks and plots against us no more need be heard about it." Cairo radio, after accusing Kassem of "murdering more Arab patriots than Nuri," decided in July that he was not too bad after all and switched its efforts to trying to drive a wedge between him and his associates; but by the end of the month it was attacking him again.

In Beirut, Lebanese, Egyptian, and Iraqi officials and journalists insist that Nasser and Kassem cannot coexist. The Iraqis give two reasons for this. The first is Nasser's personal resentment of the existence of a rival Arab strongman: while Kassem now occupies the center of Arab attention in Beirut and Damascus as well as Baghdad, Nasser has become a mere blowhard. The second derives, they believe, from the socio-political incompatibility of their regimes.

The Naguib-Nasser coup was a revolt, not a revolution. It brought the submissive Egyptian *fellahin* a new ruling class and little else: pashas-in-uniform whose chief concern was to serve themselves a substantial slice of the administrative cake and marry into the landowning class. A modi-

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cum of land reform was introduced, but on the same stopgap usury-promoting lines as Wafdists used to advocate a generation ago. Nasser stepped up the output of teachers, but primarily for export—for the glorification of his name and the expansion of his influence: Egyptian petty bourgeois "intellectuals" who are Angry Young Men at home tend, like their British and French counterparts, to become chauvinists abroad.

The Baghdad coup made a cleaner sweep of the old order. For the first time in the Near East, it opened the road to power to reformers and revolutionaries of the political left—men with a blueprint of a new economic order, for whom Nasser represents a fascist-type deviation from the path of progress. Whereas the Cairo regime has lacked the courage, or the will, to promote women's rights and initiate the Kemalist reforms which the Arab world needs to liberate law, ethics, and education from the stranglehold of obscurantism, the Iraqi premier has appointed a woman minister, approved the principle of granting full political rights to women, and ordered government officials to observe strict neutrality toward all religious issues. While Nasser has sought to reinforce his personal dictatorship, conceding only farcical single-party "elections," Kassem has announced that political parties will be allowed to resume their activities by next January 6 and promised free elections and a democratic constitution within a year.

Of course, the Iraqi republic is far from fulfilling its promises. The Iraqi officers' corps, too, is becoming a privileged body, if less blatantly than in Egypt. Full citizenship rights for women have yet to be enacted and upheld. Civil service neutrality between rival Sunnis and Shi'ites is a necessity rather than a virtue in Iraq, and the religious sheikhs still exert immense power over the uneducated majority within each community. As for free elections and a democratic constitution, only time can show what meaning these currently ambiguous terms are to acquire in the Iraqi republic. The fact remains that Iraqi promise has begun to impress a great many Arabs rather more than Egyptian performance, despite Nasser's superior propaganda resources. (In one respect, his inescapable "Voice of the Arabs" has become a liability: its sudden conversion to anti-Communism, after echoing Communist themes so vigorously for so long, has caused many of its listeners to conclude that Nasser must be in desperate need of American aid.) And while most of the Arab parties calling themselves "socialist" or reformist are now favorably disposed toward Kassem's Iraq, Nasser has alienated his principal "progressive" supporters, the militants of the Syrian Ba'ath (Socialist Resurrection) party who, having delivered Syria into his grip, are now sulking in their tents, accusing him of betraying the revolution and leaning on the merchants and Moslem sheikhs just like any old-gang politician.

THE Ba'ath was upset in the spring when it learned that, far from allowing it to take over the Syrian half of the National Union, the UAR's only authorized party, as its leaders had expected, Nasser's officials were encouraging personalities who had in independent Syria been anti-Ba'athist to stand for election to the Union's local councils on July 8. The thirty-three provincial councils elected by the local councils will in turn elect a national council from which Nasser is to pick half the members of the UAR's future "parliament"; moreover, in accordance with the practice of single-party regimes elsewhere, a good deal of patronage in the shape of official employment, permits, and even welfare grants is to be funneled through National Union branches. Membership may, therefore, bring material benefits as well as political credit.

On the morning after the July 8 vote the Ba'athists' disillusionment was complete. The electorate had clearly wished to vent its dissatisfaction with Syria's neo-colonial status by punishing the party primarily responsible for the Egyptian take-over. But the authorities had all too ostentatiously abstained from giving the Ba'ath that support which, under the electoral rules normally applied in the Levant, it might have

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expected: going to the opposite extreme, they had encouraged anti-Ba'athist coalitions, allowed influential officials to campaign against the Ba'ath, banned all political propaganda and canvassing (for which only the Ba'athists had the requisite resources and organization), and removed Damascus radio from Ba'athist control. Of 9,000 elected local councilors of the National Union, only about 100 were Ba'athists; more than 1,000 were formerly associated with the older Syrian nationalist, bourgeois, and Moslem-traditionalist parties and movements. Syrian politics had never been more utterly paradoxical. The Syrian branch of the monolithic party that was henceforth to strengthen the Syrian-Egyptian union and work for the edification of what official UAR propaganda had called "a cooperative socialist democracy" was a heterogeneous assemblage of coffee shop opportunists enamored neither of socialism nor of Egyptians. But, from Nasser's point of view, it was a more serviceable instrument than a party with a clear-cut ideology could ever have been, and he lost no time in providing it with a more congenial rallying cry than "democracy." In two wild speeches he stressed his desire for a showdown with Israel and the importance of building up an Egyptian arms industry capable of producing the tanks, guns, and aircraft needed to destroy Israel.

The Iraqi branch of the Ba'ath, under a cloud for its past subservience to Nasser, suddenly proclaimed its devotion to Kassem as the "one true leader." The Ba'athists have never been as influential in Iraq as their propagandists used to claim, but in Jordan they were until recently one of the two most important opposition groups. If the Jordanian Ba'athists now became pro-Kassem rather than pro-Nasser, King Hussein's position might again deteriorate.

Jordanian government officials consider a pro-Nasser opposition less dangerous than a pro-Kassem one would be for three reasons: news from Syria has dimmed Nasser's star in both leftist and business circles; intelligent Jordanians are aware that their country is bankrupt and that Nasser could not afford to subsidize it on the same scale as its present American protectors; and Nasser himself, who is not in the market for derelict properties, recently reopened diplomatic relations with Hussein, after months of bickering and border tension, and advised his Jordanian admirers to avoid precipitating a crisis, until he is ready to liquidate Israel. Pro-Iraqi Jordanians, meanwhile, are arguing that union with Jordan would inflict no burden on oil-rich Iraq and that the Iraqi army could defend Jordan more effectively than the distant, much-defeated Egyptians. These arguments cannot, of course, be advanced in public and it is impossible to know how popular they are, but they might fire the Jordanian imagination when economic discontent and political frustration next strike sparks in Nablus and Amman; and to combat them British firefighters are unlikely to be available.

THE mutual back-patting in Anglo-American diplomatic circles over King Hussein's extended lease on his throne "thanks to" the Western powers' landings in the Levant one year ago is strictly for the gallery. British and American experts realize that Hussein now owes his survival primarily to his enemies' belief that, if they sweep him aside and plunge Jordan into chaos, Israel will occupy its western half. Merely by sitting tight, Israel, it is now appreciated, can make a more effective contribution to the over-all stability of the Levant than either Eden's Arab League or Dulles's Baghdad Pact.

Similarly, thanks to Israel and General Kassem, Nasser no longer gives Western diplomats any headaches, though his capacity for mischief in connection with Israeli shipping and in Kuwait is recognized. His old-fashioned Levantine brand of selective neutralism is now understood to serve economic rather than ideological ends. Despite his propagandists' tactical anti-Communism, he maintains closer economic and diplomatic relations with the Soviet bloc than with the West, though the prominence given by his press to largely fictitious re-

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ports of Western efforts to secure an understanding with him is taken by the British to mean that he would like one.

Iran is a graver problem: though its government is friendly, its Shi'ite people have been excited by events in Iraq and are now being subjected to an unprecedented barrage of Soviet radio propaganda (forty-nine hours a week). Kuwait, where Egyptian and Iraqi propagandists are competing for the affections of the oil workers and the new white collar and business class, worries the British who derive benefit from both its oil and its ruler's investment capital.

But Iraq dominates Western thinking on the Near East. Iraq is an enigma even to the Western diplomats resident there—all the more disturbing an enigma because it was the one Arab state in which the West believed it had everything neatly sewn up. After being boosted for years by the more naive Western publicists as the West's strongest ally in the Near East, it has become a looking-glass land in which the West's fondest daydreams are apt to assume nightmarish shapes.

Nationalization of the British-managed, internationally owned (British-American-French-Dutch) Iraq Petroleum Company—"the safest Western investment in Asia," Whitehall men used to say—is now an overnight possibility: its timing would be decided, without reference to Iraq's economic needs, by internal political pressures and could be decreed by the Baghdad mob. A rash move by Western political warriors or Egyptian hotheads might even touch off Soviet air-borne landings to buttress the republican regime and, in the process, extend direct Soviet influence to the head of the Persian Gulf. Nothing could have summed up Iraq's geopolitical girouette more vividly than the presence at the West's lost base at Habbaniya recently of a group of Russian technicians and liaison officers with U.S. jeeps at their disposal—their mission to inspect modern Western radar and communications equipment priority-supplied to Iraq under the Baghdad Pact.

Years of Western-approved Hashemite repression had left only two substantial political forces in the country when, on July 14, 1958, the old regime was swept away: the army, which had no agreed policy beyond the destruction of Hashemite and sheikhly privilege, and the underground Communists. One by one, other groups emerged: the socialistic National Democrats, who had been pro-British until the 1945 Labor government disillusioned them by its support of the Hashemites; the once influential Istiqlal ("Independence") movement; and an Iraqi branch of the Syrian Ba'ath party. But the National Democrats were unsure of themselves and lacked mass support; and neither Istiqlal nor Ba'ath had any precise social or economic policy. For both, politics was synonymous with plotting, and both were rapidly caught up in Colonel Nasser's intrigues to gain control of Iraqi oil.

The winter of 1958-59 was punctuated by a succession of plots and purges, each of which threw General Kassem and his entourage into ever closer alliance with the Communists. In March, the bloody Mosul revolt led by Colonel Shawaf, openly backed by the UAR and supported by a group of landowning sheikhs who had been pillars of the Hashemite regime, enabled the Communists (for whose support the army was grateful) to win acclaim as militant defenders of the republic. Thereafter Communist front organizations, labor unions and professional organizations began to assert themselves; Communists and fellow-travelers secured the posts of many purged officials; and the paramilitary People's Resistance Forces passed under Communist control.

Few Iraqis appeared to see anything alarming in this. Nasserists in the army and administration had plotted against Kassem and at Mosul had joined forces with reactionary sheikhly elements; the Communists had stood by Kassem. It was logical, in Iraqi eyes, that he should reward them and even lean on them to some extent. A well-placed Iraqi officer told me: "Churchill was glad of Soviet help during the war and

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praised the Red Army, but that did not make him a Communist. General Kassem will accept the help of the Communists and give them responsible positions so long as they obey his orders, but he will never allow them to dominate him."

American observers of the Iraqi scene object that after Budapest and Lhasa nobody could be that naive. In their view, Kassem is a fellow-traveler who flirted with the Reds in his youth, protected pro-Communist junior officers and denounced anti-Communists to Nuri (as Reds and Nasserists) in the last few years of the Hashemite regime, and joined a left-wing plot against the Hashemites. As recently as mid-July he appointed four more Communist sympathizers to his cabinet. If his illusions are now wearing thin, Communist ruthlessness rather than Kassem's own common sense must take the credit.

British officials, disinclined to write Kassem off, stress the significance of the powers he has granted General Ahmed el-Abdi, military governor of the Baghdad region, thanks to whom civilians no longer carry arms or wear uniform. (Anti-Communist Iraqis have spoken of el-Abdi as a possible successor to Kassem.) The British point hopefully to Kassem's retention of non-Communist, socialist (e.g., National Democrat) advisers, his disregard of Communist protests against the release of political prisoners, his authorization of stern measures to curb street demonstrations, his decision to dissolve Communist-controlled purge committees and the People's Resistance Forces, and his project for an officers' suburb on the edge of Baghdad to isolate officers from civilian political agitation. They argue that a moderately leftist government will anyway be more inclined to concentrate on Iraq's pressing social problems, less dependent on foreign-policy diversions, and therefore easier to get along with, than a purely opportunistic dictatorship of the Nasser type. The keyword is "moderately," of course. Moderation must be shown to pay—to yield Kassem greater dividends in terms of commercial credits, technical aid, oil income, and general good will, than he could obtain by following Communist advice.

Up to now Russophilia has paid the bigger dividends. The Russians have granted Iraq a 550-million-ruble credit (worth about $120 million) at 2½ per cent and are providing the technicians and equipment for the erection of a powerful radio center (four 100-kilowatt transmitters), a steelworks, a cannery, and sixteen factories that will make fertilizers, medical supplies, and light metal goods, including electrical equipment. The British have hit back, as they see it, by agreeing to supply General Kassem with military hardware (chiefly aircraft and tanks, for delivery in 1960, which leaves time for cancellation if Iraq lurches further to the left), and by being polite and cooperative about Iraq's departure from the sterling area. Their attitude on both issues pleased the Iraqis and may have contributed to the easing of restrictions on the import of British goods that is now apparent.

THE Iraqi and Cypriot uprisings jolted Whitehall out of its never impressive pretensions to Near Eastern expertise and its yen to be the West's gendarme in the area. Britain's interest in Iraq is now frankly economic: exports (menaced for the first time by Czech and East German competition) and the Iraq Petroleum Company.

The British are encouraging Kassem and his colleagues to think in terms of "Iraqization" rather than nationalization. This means, in the words of Dr. Ibrahim Kubbeh, the leftist minister in charge of petroleum affairs, that "no foreigner will be employed in the oil-fields to do a job for which a qualified Iraqi is available" and that "oil policy will be decided by the Iraqi government, not by IPC officials." The Company has already agreed to install in its London head office an Iraqi director empowered to inspect all records and accounts; it is recruiting and training more Iraqi technicians and clerks; it is taking steps to comply with an Iraqi government request that production capacity be doubled within four years, but

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has politely reminded Dr. Kubbeh that this will not necessarily mean doubled sales. It has ceded exploration rights outside its main concession area to an Iraqi government company on whose behalf Russian oilmen are conducting a survey, but has resisted demands that it should add substantially to refining capacity inside Iraq.

Although a socialist and a nationalizer at heart, Dr. Kubbeh knows that the Iraqi oil industry needs Western markets even more than the West needs Iraqi oil. (Coffee-shop talk has it that Red China would gladly buy vast quantities of nationalized Iraqi oil, but no one has worked out how the Chinese would pay.) Whitehall knows that Kassem could wreck the IPC overnight by a Mossadegh-type coup which—although the blow might ultimately be softened by international arbitration, as in Persia—would destroy Britain's privileged position in the Iraqi oilfields. This knowledge binds Britain and Iraq together, giving them a common interest in an accommodation that will secure a bigger stake in the industry for the Iraqi government while preserving the IPC in something like its present shape and barring the door to outsiders.

But the British are not alone: while they are willing to consider a reorganization of the IPC that would give the Iraqi government a 15 or 20 per cent share of the company and reduce the holdings of the present "big four" to a maximum of 20 per cent each, their partners are not. Such a reshuffle would knock the bottom out of existing fifty-fifty profit-sharing arrangements between the major companies and the Arab governments. Jersey Standard and Socony-Vacuum, who share the American 23.75 per cent of IPC, are fearful of creating precedents that might harm their more important Aramco interests. The Compagnie Française des Pétroles, part-owned by the French government, is content to stall until its Saharan investments bear fruit; and the French government, for domestic propaganda purposes, has whittled the whole issue down to a British plot to appease the Iraqis at the expense of France!

For the moment, the IPC feels safe. It paid the Iraqi government $235 million in 1958 and the 1959 figure will top this. The republican government, having cut indirect taxes and increased military and social expenditure, is heavily dependent on its oil income, which it is splitting evenly between the ordinary and development budgets. But emotion often outweighs economic commonsense in the Near East, and if the IPC's parent companies failed to concede what articulate Iraqis would consider a more equitable distribution of shares and profits, General Kassem might be forced by public agitation to nationalize it, which would play right into the Communists' hands. The West would almost certainly boycott nationalized Iraqi oil (as it did the Persian product during Dr. Mossadegh's spree) and get all the blame for Iraq's consequent economic difficulties; Russia, Baghdad leftists predict, would lend Iraq the funds needed to tide her over to a settlement. Iraq's gravitation toward the Soviet system would be accelerated.

As things are, the Russians seem to be in no hurry for Iraq to become a satellite. By trying to force the pace they would obviously damage their cause in other Near Eastern countries and risk provoking a reaction inside Iraq. They are believed by Western diplomats to have advised against early nationalization of the IPC. Quietly and modestly, their numerous but discreet advisers and technicians have succeeded in creating the impression that their chief concern is to help the Iraqis make a success of their republic and reinforce it against the possibility of Western-sponsored counter-revolution or miliary attack. A Soviet economic attaché told an Iraqi gathering in June that his government wished Soviet-Iraqi cooperation to transform the country into a showcase to demonstrate to the entire region what such cooperation could achieve. Overpopulated Egypt could never become any kind of showpiece without massive economic aid and a long-term program of emigration and birth control, and the Kremlin's

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Near Eastern experts must have been grateful that Nasser's seesawing gave them an opportunity of reducing their commitments to him. Not only is Iraq richer than Egypt in material resources (oil, water, undercultivated land) and blessed with a more vigorous, less diseased population (especially in the north); she already has a sufficient number of basic development projects completed or in the works for quite impressive progress to be attainable for a minimum Russian outlay.

But the good will won for Russia by her technicians and diplomats is apt to be cancelled out by the capers of the Iraqi Communist party, an ally as embarrassing as the Hashemites were for the West. No one is more expert at alienating friends and offending people than the dedicated Communist; and just as Communists lost Russia the good will of European socialists in the late 1930's and 1940's, and of the Syrian Ba'athists in the middle 1950's, so the arrogance and dogmatism of the Iraqi CP are ruffling its National Democrat and military allies. The situation has been further complicated for the Russians by the existence within the leadership of the Iraqi CP of an impulsive "Chinese" wing displeased by the *embourgeoisement* of Soviet politics and diplomacy and more responsive to Chinese than Russian guidance and example. It was this wing of the party, working through the People's Resistance Forces, that was responsible in July for transforming a communal clash in Kirkuk into a pogrom in which about 120 members of the staid, conservative Turkoman community were massacred by Kurds. The government avoided a breach with the CP as such by laying the blame on "anarchists" but revealed that it had discovered plans for similar outrages in Baghdad and Basra and pointedly warned the CP and trade unions to free themselves from "anarchist" influence. The Communists protested when the police searched and closed the offices of the General Labor Confederation but knuckled under, disowning "certain irresponsible leaders" and reaffirming their loyalty to Kassem; a number of Communist-influenced organizations announced that henceforth they would keep themselves free from "political infiltration."

By late August the Iraqi Communist party was tamer, less assertive, than at any time since the Mosul uprising. The discomfiture of its "Chinese" wing was undoubtedly welcome to the Russians and would help those of its leaders who toe the Kremlin line to reestablish the party in the public mind as a "national" force loyal to Kassem. But the climb back would be hard, and Kassem and his friends had received a salutary warning. In the spring Kassem had stressed his desire for close friendship with the Soviet bloc and had seemed to consider the Communists a misunderstood, unjustly maligned group of patriots. Now he assured a party of Lebanese journalists: "We owe Russia nothing. On the contrary, she is in our debt, for we destroyed the Baghdad Pact, the instrument of a conspiracy against her." His enlightenment would not lead Iraq back into the Western camp but it might keep her out of Russia's and insure that Iraqi neutralism was the genuine article.

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BAGHDAD'S YEAR OF REVOLUTION

A Firsthand Report

JOHANN CASPAR

AT FIRST glance, the streets of Baghdad do not appear to have changed since the revolution of July 14, 1958, which overthrew the old monarchy and established the Iraqi Republic. Baghdad's heat remains stifling, its quarters congested. The same dense, aimless looking masses of people stream up and down Rashid Street, hemmed in by the big, honking cars and the red city buses originally built for the London Transport Authority. The men's bright, American-style sport shirts are topped by their Arab headgear, and everywhere one sees women in black *abbayas,* and the children in the nightshirts known as *dashdasha.* Everywhere, too, are the sick and the crippled, sprawling half-naked on the sidewalks, awaiting the alms of the passerby. Smelly pools of "water" still gleam blackly on the streets and up the small side alleys. Returning to the same Arab coffee houses in which I had whiled away time during my last visit three years ago, I found the same managers, sitting at the entrance over their "cash registers," copper trays into which the customers drop their ten or fourteen *fils;* even some of the old customers recognized my face. In the markets, the same cheap manufactured goods, with an occasional rare example of fine Persian handiwork, were being sold to a silent crowd of black-veiled women and leisurely tribesmen.

The number of veiled women has decreased: that is one visible change. Three years ago, I recall how I stared at a girl student whose *abbaya* had slid from her shoulders, revealing a blue silk dress underneath, as she climbed into a taxi—I hadn't seen an unveiled woman in weeks. Today, perhaps a third of the girls on Rashid Street are unveiled. Others wear their black *abbayas* as overcoats, open in front and showing bare arms and necklines often cut very low. In the evening, one sees "progressive" families: the shirt-sleeved husband walking alongside his unveiled wife in her cotton dress, and two steps behind, the mother-in-law, shrouded by her *abbaya,* with the children by her side.

But very soon one becomes aware of a more significant change in Baghdad. Three years ago the Iraqis were eager to talk to European visitors about their troubles. In the coffee shops, students and middle-class people would talk for hours about being exploited by colonialism, denounce Britain and Premier Nuri as-Said, and fulminate against the government's political repressions. "Nuri's spies are all around us," they would say. "Didn't you notice two or three of them following you up Rashid Street?" The "spies" were humble creatures, known to everybody, who earned a few *fils* by denouncing their fellow citizens. Their presence did not deter people from speaking against the government.

Now the foreigner feels a vast silence surrounding him. If he asks how things are, he gets in reply evasive formulas—"God be praised for everything he is pleased to send!" —or short, careful answers: "Things are wonderful now! We have had a revolution. The people are free. I hope you are going to write favorably about our country." Conversations have an odd way of dropping off after a few stock phrases. Many times a third person—the proprietor of the coffee house perhaps—intervenes to stop them. Old

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acquaintances, one learns, do not care to be seen in the streets with a foreigner. In general, the Iraqis now appear to be suspicious of all foreigners.

THUS, it is difficult for the European to gauge how the Iraqis feel about their new regime. It is evident that most of the simple people are proud of "their" revolution. They obviously do not wish to revert to the old regime—which has been officially depicted for a year now as the "perished epoch of the traitors." But Iraqis are wary about discussing the new regime, for the semi-comic old police spies have been replaced by Communists, in far greater numbers. It is not rare for a citizen under their surveillance to be denounced as a Ba'athist traitor, beaten, or even killed—it's happened all over town. In these circumstances, only one brand of political opinion seems completely safe: a public expression of trust, confidence, and faith in the "leader," the "pious son of the people," the "friend of the millions" and the "savior of Iraq," General Abdul Karim Kassem.

Admiration of Kassem is, of course, officially fostered. His picture is on all the walls, in offices and living rooms, on every desk. Each day, every newspaper prints at least one photograph of him, plus essays on his personality, his achievements, his dedication to the people. His name is mentioned several hundred times a day on the radio; his speeches are broadcast over and over, and other programs are interrupted by selected quotations from them, framed in suitable military music. Songs are sung about him and the revolution, and specially trained men, with booming voices, interrupt his speeches at set points to cheer in unison. Whenever Kassem drives through the streets of Baghdad, people throng around his station wagon. Boys dance, hands clap, mothers lift up their children, the name of the *"Za'im"* (leader) is on all lips.

The enthusiasm sometimes borders on religious veneration. In one shop window I saw a picture of the Imam Ali, squatting in the traditional attitude, a big curved sword in his hand; over his face, the shopkeeper had pasted a portrait of Kassem cut out of a magazine. The markets offer calligraphic inscriptions, like the Koranic verses that decorate the walls in orthodox homes, which implore "the creator of heaven and earth" to preserve Kassem. In the evenings groups of young men run through the streets at a funny trot, clapping their hands, and rhythmically intoning Kassem's name; the steps and the rhythms are those of the liturgy for the blessed Husein, son of Ali, in the mourning ceremonies of Muharram.

This cult of Kassem is believed by some to be the best means for promoting stability in Iraq. "If all loyalty is concentrated on Kassem," the argument goes, "there won't be any more plots and conspiracies." But others—intellectuals, businessmen, and politicians—collaborate in the personality cult from somewhat less pure motives. Many groups—including the Communists—are wary lest their enemies "capture" the leader. Kassem, for his part, has managed with remarkable nimbleness to avoid being captured.

Kassem himself makes a striking impression. Lean, intense, nervous to the point of jumpiness, he obviously enjoys his hold on the masses, and never seems to tire of acknowledging their adulation. When he makes one of his long, unprepared, rambling speeches, he pauses at the appropriate points to permit the chanting and cheering of the masses and their leaders. One can easily believe what Iraqi officials say: that Kassem desires to supervise personally the slightest details of the government, that he sleeps only a few hours a night and gulps down his meals while conducting business. He has no family, and only one friend, the erratic Colonel Fadhil al Madawi, the presiding judge of the "people's court"—perhaps more of an embarrassment than a friend.

A singleminded ascetic of considerable will power and nervous energy, Kassem has been greatly underrated, perhaps because he is not an intellectual. He is, nonetheless, a man with a formidable feeling for power, who has learned to rely on his own instincts

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rather than on fellow statesmen or ambassadors, and who seems to sense when it is time to strike—and when he should be patient.

Such is the man whom fate has placed between the Communist party and their threatened domination of Iraq. The Communists, who have come very close to total victory, have recently suffered serious setbacks; it remains to be seen whether their losses are only temporary.

For nearly a year the Communists were tilling political fields to which Kassem devoted scant attention. A military man, he thought primarily in terms of fire-power, tanks, and machine guns. The Communists, meanwhile, concentrated on the minds of the Iraqi people. Kassem, preoccupied with possible intrigues by the Ba'athists and pro-Nasser Arab nationalists, granted the Communists a virtual monopoly in the so-called "ideological" field in exchange for their support against his rivals. The Communists, for their part, also provoked the nationalists to violence, which made them appear even more dangerous in the General's eyes. (There is evidence that the intrigues of pro-Communist opportunists, such as Wasfi Taher, provoked the "plots" of Colonel Abdul Selim Aref and Rashid Ali Galieni: the anti-Communist revolt in Mosul last March was precipitated by a demonstration of the "Partisans of Peace.")

While the "plots" of the nationalists occupied Kassem, the Communists pursued their "ideological warfare." This phrase seems comparatively innocent to somebody in the West: booklets, leaflets, demonstrations, violent newspaper articles, and the infiltration of schools and universities. All this, naturally, was part of the picture in the Iraqi upheaval. Besides, there were the "mass organizations": the Partisans of Peace, the Democratic Youth Organization, the League for the Defense of Women's Rights, and so on and so on. The trade unions were formed after the revolution with Kassem's blessing; and the Communists, having helped found most of them, became the most active elements in all of them; they completely dominate the over-all General Confederation of Labor. "Committees to Safeguard the Republic" were formed within the government departments. Their function was to put pressure on the civil servants, and people who opposed Communist activities risked losing their jobs or being jailed, or—at the very least—becoming the target of harassment by their fellow employees. In this manner, the Communists came to dominate both the Teachers Union and the Students Union.

Less successfully, the Communists attempted to organize the peasants. They started a General Federation of Peasant Societies under a Communist secretary, Farhood, before there were any individual peasant societies; a license from Kassem gave their General Federation a virtual monopoly in the countryside. The peasants, however, were individualists, and the Communist party lacked cadres in the rural areas; some of the peasant societies came under the domination of the National Democratic party, while other societies grew unruly and provoked counteraction by local authorities.

But the chief weapon in what is described, all too academically, as "Communist penetration" was not propaganda or organization. It was physical terror. To be sure, special conditions helped the Communists: general poverty and ignorance, a lack of political experience and civic courage, nationalist fervor, the fact that the unpopular old regime had fought Communism. The basic fact remains that, in Iraq as elsewhere, Communism had to be imposed by violence—or the threat of it.

The Iraqi Communists worked systematically to prevent anybody from uttering, publishing, or broadcasting any political views counter to their own. If, in large measure, they merely bullied intellectuals into silence or collaboration, they also committed a great many criminal acts—murder, torture, looting, beating, and arson.

The abortive revolt in Mosul last March gave them their chance to pursue such acts on an unprecedented scale. They had their own armed organization, the People's Re-

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sistance Forces, as well as their street mobs and disciplined "mass organizations" and "trade unions." They enjoyed the collaboration and support of the police and sections of the army; the police in those days would jail without trial whomever the Communists identified as a "Ba'athist." Communist students from Baghdad University rode north to Mosul en masse, organized in units of the People's Resistance Forces or of the Democratic Youth Organization, and returned boasting of the atrocities they had committed. Some walked around for weeks carrying blood-smeared ropes.

During the mass funeral in Baghdad for the Peace Partisan Kamil Kazanchi, who had been killed at Mosul, a Communist gang visited the three remaining small anti-Communist newspapers, wrecked their printing plants, and beat up their employees. Only one of these papers, the tiny *Al-Fajr el-Jadid*, has reappeared. Armfuls of copies are sold in narrow side alleys by little boys, who risk a beating by Communist toughs.

After the Mosul uprising, the Communists were strong enough to have their opponents in the universities arrested or expelled. Their trade unions, which had demonstrated daily in the streets for most of the second half of March, were doing so again during the first half of May. It seemed, indeed, that the Communists had triumphed. Civic courage has never been a particular virtue in Baghdad, where the traditional method of treating a powerful enemy is to smile and scrape, until he gets careless—then the dagger or poison. In May, most people smiled at the Communists; the price of firearms, meanwhile, soared on the Baghdad free market.

AT THIS point, the Communists grew overhasty. Instead of consolidating their gains, they pressed for full power. At the end of April, they had begun to demand representation in the government. Kassem reminded them mildly in a May Day speech that he had not yet authorized any activity by political parties. He also persuaded the National Democratic party, which holds several key ministries, to announce that it would cease its activities. The Communists pretended that the National Democrats had misunderstood the wishes of the "leader," but Kassem, at a press conference at the end of June, reiterated his desire to prohibit party activities during the "period of transition."

The Communists then tried another tack. They formed, and petitioned Kassem to recognize, a "National Front" embracing, along with them, the so-called Kurdish Democratic party and a splinter group of the National Democrats. Their petition bore the signatures of a large number of prominent leftist politicians and journalists, high government employees, leaders of the trade unions and "democratic organizations," and nearly all the deans of the various faculties and colleges of Baghdad University.

Kassem refused to recognize the National Front. He alleged that the National Democrats who had signed were not representative, and he persuaded the Kurdish Democratic party, too, to announce that it had ceased activity. The best-known of the Kurdish leaders, Mustafa el-Barazani, at one time a refugee in the Soviet Union and reputedly a former general of the Soviet army, had never signed the petition, and it was he who now repudiated the members of his party who had signed.

Parallel with this public debate between the "leader" and his Communist "followers" about party activities, there was surely a *sub rosa* struggle for control of the three armed forces in the country: the army, the police, and the People's Resistance. Kassem appears now to have won this struggle, and his chief lieutenant, the recently promoted Major General Ahmed Saleh el-Abdi, also has gained considerable power. The most critical period seems to have been the last week of June, when the chief of police, Abd-el-Baki Kadhem, almost certainly a Communist, was replaced by a man loyal to Kassem; and the commander of the army's Second Division stationed in Kirkuk, Colonel Jenabi, also a Communist, was arrested for spiriting off ammunition. Other highly placed officers with Communist leanings (among them

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Taha Sheikh Ahmed, head of military intelligence, and Awkati, commander of the Iraqi Air Force) are also said to have fallen.

Apparently in May and June the Communists challenged Kassem before they had the power to overthrow him. They seem to have resorted to plots and intrigues in the army when all other means of influencing Kassem failed. They also appear to have organized more "trade unions" and "mass organizations" (not to speak of the peasant societies) than they could handle. These front organizations lacked discipline and steadiness, and their dizzy momentum apparently forced the pace of the Iraqi Communist party, leading it to act prematurely. The recklessness of the front organizations became quite evident in the later rioting at Kirkuk.

On the eve of the first anniversary of his revolution, General Kassem announced a long debated reorganization of his cabinet. The Ministry of Economy was split into five new ministries, which meant the downgrading of Ibrahim Kubbeh, the former Minister of Economy and author of the economic agreements with Russia. Kubbeh has been given the new Ministries of Agrarian Reform and Petroleum—which are less important than they sound since at present Iraq's petroleum policy is fixed by international agreement, while the High Committee on Agrarian Reform is headed by Kassem himself. Meanwhile, Muhammed Hadid, the Minister of Finance and an anti-Communist, has added the new Trade Ministry to his responsibilities. He thus became a kind of counterpoise to Kubbeh, a nominal National Democrat, who was the only minister openly to support the Communist-proposed National Front.

Along with the downgrading of Kubbeh and the promotion of Hadid, Kassem nominated four new ministers—three of whom had signed the petition for the National Front. Many observers felt that this was a concession Kassem had made to the Communists so that he could celebrate the anniversary of his revolution in peace. An Iraqi who sympathizes with the National Democrats, however, expounded a more subtle explanation to me. First of all, he said, "The three new ministers who are said to be pro-Communist are not the ones the Communist party wanted chosen. They would have preferred one of their real party leaders, such as Abdul Kader Ismail el-Bustani, or one of his brothers, or else Aziz el-Haj. Second, those who became ministers are people we consider 'recoverable.' They went along with the Communists as long as they were honored as heads of the Communist front organizations. Now we think they will work with us." There is something in this explanation. I heard Dr. Faisal es-Samir, the new Minister of Guidance and former chairman of the Teachers Union, pick his way carefully through a press conference and not deviate an inch from the government line while admitting that his personal opinion, "which may be erroneous," diverged. He left the impression of carefully distancing himself from the Communist position.

In a speech at the military academy on the first night of the celebrations, however, Kassem made what appeared to be another concession. He announced that political parties would be officially licensed before next January 6, and that "within one year, there will be elections for a parliament." The Communists seemed delighted. All talk of a National Front had miraculously ceased two days before Kassem's announcement, and the Communists in Baghdad furiously acclaimed the "leader" in the days that followed. But had the Communists really gained? Many of the passages in Kassem's speech were, at the very least, ambiguous. "There shall be freedom for the people and no freedom for the enemies of the people," he said, provoking frenzied applause from the section of the audience in which the trained claques were assembled. "But I do not agree with those of you," continued Kassem, "who want to decide for themselves who are the enemies of the people. This can be decided only by the law and by the authorities." This time, the applause came from another group: the military officers.

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In this ambiguous situation, the Communists used mixed tactics, combining mass violence with their official participation in the celebrations. On the second day of festivities, a mob attacked the printing plant of the newspaper *Baghdad*, which is pro-Kassem and anti-Communist, smashed its presses and linotype machines, and scattered its newsprint over what used to be called Ghazi Street; the editor and his staff escaped over the roofs of neighboring houses, and the publisher disappeared. The army arrived at the scene fifteen minutes later, but took no prisoners. At an inquest that afternoon, the state awarded the paper the compensation of two thousand pounds, but the money has not yet been paid. Nor has the paper reappeared.*

Another Communist mob attacked the house of Colonel Shams ed-Din Abdallah, president of the first military court. The Colonel had been suggested as a possible successor to Madawi as president of the "people's court"; he would also preside at any future trial of Colonel Jenabi, the pro-Communist commander of the Second Division. He managed to defend himself with his revolver, however, and killed at least one of the assailants before the army arrived.

WHILE these civilities were being exchanged in Baghdad, in Kirkuk, in northern Iraq, the Communists allowed the situation to get out of hand.

For some time, there had been tension in Kirkuk between the city's two distinct ethnic groups. The Turkomans, who have lived in the old city since Ottoman times when they were settled in the deserted citadels of Kirkuk and Erbil, represent the stable city-community; merchants and proprietors of all kinds are Turkomans. The Kurds, who migrated from the hills when the two cities started to grow, are more dispersed and on the average less prosperous. There had been trouble between the two communities ever since Colonel Shawaf's revolt in March.

Although it would be gross oversimplification to class all the Kurds of Iraq as pro-Communist, a large section among them have long considered Soviet aid essential to their goal of an autonomous or independent Kurdistan. These Kurds have, moreover, been penetrated by authentic Communists, who simply want Kurdistan annexed to the Soviet Union, and who have assumed positions of leadership in the Kurdish Democratic party. Although Mustafa el-Barazani, the party's best-known leader, now seems to have thrown in his lot with Kassem, Communists I spoke to maintained that the other five members of the Kurdish Democrats' Central Committee are more reliably pro-Communist. My Communist informants also noted the "pact" between the Communist party and the Kurdish Democrats, according to which the Communists do not maintain party branches in Kurdistan but encourage their sympathizers to join the Kurdish Democrats.

In Kirkuk itself, which is at the fringe of Kurdish territory, both parties existed—the Kurdish Democrats for the Kurds to join, and the Communist party for the Arabs and Turkomans. The Turkomans, however, proved resistant to Communism; in several trade unions, they outvoted their pro-Communist Kurdish and Arab colleagues. Approving Kassem's attempts to contain the Communists, the Turkomans prepared to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution by erecting 133 triumphal arches at the expense of their community.

Meanwhile, the Communists throughout Iraq had at first decided not to celebrate the anniversary. As Communist students at Baghdad University told their professors: "This is not the anniversary of *our* revolution; our revolution is still to come!" There is evidence that they planned a series of uprisings throughout the country; Adhamiya, one of the "nationalist" quarters of Baghdad, expected a Communist attack on July 13.

**Baghdad* had been officially prohibited for several months, until its editor, Khudr Abbasi, asked Kassem at a press conference why his paper had been banned. The editor thought the ban had originated with Wasfi Taher, Kassem's chief personal aide. But Wasfi Taher, who was present, denied any knowledge of it, as did Kassem himself. Thus, *Baghdad* was authorized to reappear. It had been coming out for little more than a week when it was destroyed.

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Apparently there was a rather sudden change of plans. On July 13, the Communist students came to their professors and volunteered to join in the celebration the next day; agitation for the National Front ended at the same time. There was a report that the Soviet delegation to the anniversary festivities was responsible for these counsels of prudence.

However, the new Communist strategy did not prevail in Kirkuk, where quarrels broke out between the Turkoman celebrators and the Kurdish Communists. Fights at the city's bridge, in the two cinemas, and in one of its biggest cafés, ended with several persons wounded, and most of the Turkoman triumphal arches were burned. Then the Communist-dominated People's Resistance Forces stormed the police station, looted the arms stored there, and drove the Turkomans into their homes.

Troops of the Second Division, composed largely of Kurds, were sent to Kirkuk to restore order, but instead took the side of the Kurds. Some of its units shelled Turkoman houses and the troops were soon in command of the whole town. (After Colonel Jenabi of this division was arrested, no new commander seems to have been appointed, and many of the officers and non-commissioned officers under Jenabi's pro-Communist influence remained in their posts. Jenabi in his time had disarmed the Turkoman population.)

On July 15 and 16, the Communists, with the help of the Second Division, ruled in Kirkuk. Refugees coming in to Baghdad reported that a red flag flew over the town and army cars were roving the deserted streets, their loudspeakers giving orders in the name of the National Front. A committee consisting of the secretary of the local Communist party, the mayor (a Communist), and six Kurdish officers, exercised supreme power, and had designated the homes of anti-Communists to be looted by the "mass organizations" and the People's Resistance Forces. The mayor, according to the refugees, had ordered the executions of several groups of Turkoman notables and had them buried in mass graves outside the town.

The mutiny in Kirkuk was finally put down by 50 armored cars under Colonel Fuad Aref, the brother of the imprisoned Abdul Selim Aref. A few days later, Kassem gave out the number of dead as 120, the majority "executed" by the Communists in conditions of great cruelty. Kassem himself is said to have visited Kirkuk on July 21 or 22. On his return, he showed the press photographs taken there and blamed "a faction which I do not wish to name" for the atrocities. Furious, he claimed to have proof that the unnamable faction had planned risings all over the country. He shouted at the Communist Aziz el-Haj, who was present: "I know all about you and your traitorous plans. This is a last warning! I am strong enough to smash all traitors!"

Meanwhile, Ahmed Saleh el-Abdi, the military governor of Baghdad, had taken over. In a series of curt ordinances, he limited the activities of the People's Resistance, forbidding them even to wear their uniforms; he declared illegal the "Committees to Safeguard the Republic" among government employees; and he ordered all persons possessing weapons to surrender them within three days. Behind the scenes, too, there was undoubtedly an anti-Communist purge among the officers: the government announced the dismissal as pro-Communists of 800 cadets who had recently graduated to the rank of lieutenant.

WHY did Kassem fail to come out openly against the Communist party? The answer can only be that he does not yet wish to burn all bridges between himself and the Communists; he hopes still to keep them on his side. To understand why he cherishes such unreasonable hopes, one must examine the non-Communist political forces in Iraq.

The National Democratic party includes the most important of Kassem's ministers; unfortunately, the party consists of not much more than a few separate groups of such notables. There is the "left" splinter group, the people who signed the petition

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for the National Front. There are also several groups of personal followers and retainers of the socialist but anti-Communist ministers Hadid (finance and trade) and Jawad (foreign affairs); several clusters of businessmen have gathered around them. In addition, there is a group of young people who aim at strict reform of the party's life, a clear program, and a grass-roots organization; the recognized head of this group is Husein Jamil, the former Minister of Guidance who is now ambassador to Teheran.

Two newspapers represent the views of the National Democrats, and they diverge considerably. *Al-Ahali* follows a rather confusing line, compounded of "positive neutralism," admiration of Mahatma Gandhi, good relations with the "socialist bloc," friendship with the Iraqi Communists, and complaints against their violence. *Ath-Thaura,* on the other hand, has recently come out openly against the Communists and since then has rivaled in popularity the Communist *Ittihad esh-Sha'ab* (still the most widely read Baghdad paper) and the para-Communist *al-Bilad.* Although the National Democrats' ranks include the two most important ministers in the government, next to Kassem, the party lacks any clear program or roots in the population.

However, there is a large section of the Iraqi population whose sympathies are best described vaguely as nationalist. Their organizations—the Ba'ath and the Istiqlal—have been disbanded and their feeble attempts at revolt checked by the government, with Communist assistance. The nationalists are, nevertheless, still very much alive—hide their views as they may behind professions of loyalty to Kassem.

To be sure, the Communist and government campaigns against Nasser and the Ba'ath have had some influence. Not all the nationalists are sure now that Nasser is a valid symbol of Arab unity. One is often asked about the situation in Damascus: "Is it true that the Syrians really hate Nasser now?" There are even reproaches: "Nasser encouraged the revolt in Mosul, and then let us down without any real support," or, "All Nasser wants is our oil and our money."

But despite disillusion with Nasser, the nationalists in Iraq have not abandoned the ideal of Arab unity. They profoundly resent being cut off from the main currents of Arab political, cultural, and social life. They are not impressed by the palliatives which the government has offered to mitigate Iraqi isolation. Good relations with tiny, far-off Tunisia, aggressive propaganda against Israel, military aid to the Algerian rebels, and official hostility toward France cannot compensate for the lack of Egyptian newspapers and magazines, for the fact that only old American films are running in Baghdad (most Arabic films are Egyptian), for the fact that letters to and from Egypt or Syria take from six months to a year to arrive—if they ever do.

The nationalists are separated from Kassem not so much by Nasser as by the imprisonment of Colonel Aref, who remains a hero to many people. Conceding that he was outmaneuvered by Kassem, they still insist that Aref was "the true hero of the revolution," who cherished the "wishes of the Arabs." Kassem, on the other hand, they look upon as a power-hungry opportunist. "Kassem will always collaborate with the Communists," they say. "He must use them because he fears us." There is considerable truth in this observation.

In any case, the nationalists are too widely dispersed and too carefully watched to be able to make a formal change of policy. They lack, especially, effective leaders. One young nationalist told me of his visit to Jaber Omar, the first Minister of Education after the revolution, upon the latter's recent release from prison. The youth remonstrated with Omar: "I've been telling you all along that the Communists are better organized than we are. They captured the elite and the intellectuals because you allowed them to infiltrate the schools. Before it is too late, we nationalists must organize in our own defense." The former Minister of Education's only reply was: "This thing will blow over. It is like a fever blister on an otherwise

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healthy body; don't scratch it and it will eventually burst. Time is on our side."

The very creed of the nationalists seems to engender this kind of passivity. The Arab nation already exists—a "healthy body"—and they do not feel obliged to work toward it with the same energy with which the Communists pursue their goals. When all is said, the nationalists are at bottom too diffident.

Nevertheless, their numbers must be reckoned with. Indeed, the whole of Iraq today appears to be divided, in a kind of checkerboard pattern, into "Communist" and "nationalist" territories. It is common in Baghdad to say that such-and-such a quarter is "Communist," while such-and-such is "nationalist." When one goes from the Kadhimiya to the Adhamiya district in Baghdad, for instance, the slogans on the walls change from "Long Live the National Front" and "Integration of the People and Army" in Kadhimiya, to "Iraq Is Part of the Arab Nation" and "No Communism and No Colonialism" in Adhamiya.

In the open country, the division into red and black districts seems even more sharply drawn than in the cities. The old strife between neighbors has been overlaid by the all-encompassing feud between "nationalist" and "Communist," just as Shi'ite and Sunnite or "southern" and "northern" tribes used to split and settle in separate units in the olden times. Because Kerbela is "nationalist," Nejef, its rival holy city, must be "Communist."

From this political checkerboard, one may infer that about half the population—at least of the Arab part of the country—are "nationalists." A substantial number of them may be counted on to support Kassem enthusiastically, but these are the simple people, attracted by the cheering and the slogans. Their chiefs in the "nationalist" districts would certainly make any real support for Kassem conditional on his swinging the country to "Arab" policies; in the end, most of them would prefer another leader, more authentically their own, and the masses would, doubtless, follow their chiefs.

Kassem, on the other hand, feels he cannot afford to break with the Communists because he simply cannot rely on the other half of the population. He knows that the Communists are trying to overthrow him, or make him a figurehead, but with good reason he suspects the nationalists of the very same aims. His own survival depends on maintaining the balance between the two forces.

Furthermore, Kassem is committed to a policy of revolutionary change in Iraq. He knows that the "achievements of the revolution" thus far consist mostly of projects—projects whose realization will require the enthusiastic work of the nation. He hopes the Communists will supply the spirit to "mobilize" the masses for these tasks. There is no evidence that he has yet become skeptical about the party's willingness to deliver that "spirit" even if it does not achieve absolute power; on the other hand, there is a great deal of evidence that Kassem is afraid to appeal to the nationalists and *their* spirit.

As I have been writing this report, I have been listening to Radio Baghdad, whose carefully apportioned programs give the range of the political forces now at work in Iraq. On the one hand, there are telegrams congratulating the President for his condemnation of the Kirkuk massacres. "Leader, go onward, we follow you!" declare the wires from the Turkomans of Kirkuk, from army officers, and from inhabitants of the "nationalist" quarters of Waziriye and Adhamiya in Baghdad. On the other hand, there are programs of the type sponsored regularly by the League for the Defense of Women's Rights. The last one I listened to consisted of letters and cables to Iraq sent by women from all the "socialist" countries, protesting against the mistreatment of "progessive" women by the "Cairo reactionaries." For this kind of propaganda Kassem must obviously still rely on the Communists. So long as he is forced to accept their aid, they will make him pay their price.

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BY LOVE REDEEMED

A Fantasy on "God and Freud"

HANS MEYERHOFF

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to Freud my soul to keep.
And if I dream—ah, that's the ticket,
I pray that it be really wicked.
And if, perchance, I wake depressed,
Thank Freud, I know what I've repressed.

* * *

"And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be also read in the church of the Laodiceans."

"SAID a California clergyman, his back to an office window that framed a lovely palm tree: 'What may have been sin, we would now consider an illness that the man had no responsibility for.'"

I see him, the clergyman, sitting in a comfortable office and looking like a junior executive. A lovely palm tree is silhouetted against the sky in back of him; the surf of Santa Monica pounds against the Pacific Palisades. He looks before him and his serene gaze comes to rest on a billboard of the Forest Lawn marriage and mortuary factory. It reads: WHERE LOVE LIVES IN BEAUTY, and shows a simple chapel—a "wee kirk," as we like to say—in a lush, arborean setting with a young couple (just married) prancing, in Fred Astaire style, through the Elysian fields of Disneyland. That's devotion, the clergyman nods, remembering another poster catering to this noble sentiment. It shows a giant torso of Michelangelo's David, rather nude, and bears the simple inscription: DEVOTION. If the clergyman is a rabbi, he may think of the classic contribution to the theme of love and death erected by the Sinai Memorial Foundation. It features the head of Michelangelo's Moses and spreads the good word of FOREVERNESS. That's it: togetherness in foreverness, within-ness in without-ness. Having worked himself into this devotional state, the clergyman nods again, blinks—smog gets into one's eyes—and starts musing about "God and Freud." A mighty fortress is our Freud.

No, we don't dig sin. In a modern church, which is both "progressive" and "psychological," we can't have sin. We may be sick, yes; we may be 'estranged from our true being' and call that a state of sin. But sin is essentially an illness; or it's a "symptom" like a tic. Sin is really a sign of a disturbed personality. And people are just a little disturbed these days. But that doesn't make them sinners; that does not condemn them to eternal damnation, as the old, "traditional" preacher would have us believe. God must be a little disturbed, too, when He looks down in our direction; at least, it would be nice to think so. It would make Him more human.

We have tried to make Him more human in our progressive churches and synagogues. You see, the trouble with God in the past was that He was so inhuman. He was a forbidding and frightening father-figure, a terrible, cruel authoritarian personality. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. The Bible is full of these angry explosions of a wrathful God. These are unhealthy emo-

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"IN THIS interior monologue," HANS MEYERHOFF writes, "all statements set off by double quotation marks are Leonard Gross's own words in the book *God and Freud* [David McKay, 215 pp., $3.95]. Single quotation marks set off statements made by the authorities, both religious and psychological, whom Mr. Gross consulted and who permitted him to cite them literally. My own comments, or free associations, appear *without* quotation marks or inside brackets." Mr. Meyerhoff is associate professor of philosophy at the University of California at Los Angeles. He contributed "Freud the Philosopher" to our January 1958 number.

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tions. They reflect an immature outlook on life, if I may say so. They mobilize people's unconscious difficulties with "authority figures"; and you'd be surprised to learn how many people have trouble with authority and don't know it. Some sources estimate that 50 per cent, others say 80 or 90 per cent of the so-called religious people "never come to terms with" this authoritarian personality of God. Besides, this kind of God is politically reactionary as well. Says the sociologist—and we can't do without a bit of sociology either: 'The concept of a paternalistic, authoritarian church fits very well into a paternalistic, authoritarian society. But it is not pertinent in a democratic, permissive society.' There is nothing like being a little permissive. The church must adjust its image of God to the age. That's why we have replaced the distorted, immature image of "a vengeance-wreaking old man" by "the official and desirable concept of God as a loving, accepting, forgiving father."

Of course, 'God as He really is' doesn't change. He is the rock of ages. The only trouble is, 'we can't ever know' what He is like. That's why we need something official and desirable. This is not agnosticism, as it sounds, but higher theology—and enlightened psychology. The agnostic is only deluding himself. Says a Jungian analyst—and he gives one to think: 'Even if people consider themselves agnostic, there is a very potent God image somewhere down in the unconscious. . . . After a certain amount of analysis, this image tends to become activated, jazzed up. At this point its nature has to be explored. . . . The tendency in analysis is to sweeten the parental image and to encourage the permissive aspect of the parental figure and thus God.'

It's true, "priests often . . . stressed the fear motive 'when nothing else worked.'" But 'the old way [simply] wasn't working any more.' "Case histories galore attest to the toll exacted by emphasis on sin, wickedness, and damnation." That was a "negative faith"; it 'contributed tremendously to mental ill-health.' It wasn't 'facing up to what people are like'—to what they want and need. The "psychological church" meets the challenge of people's needs. That's good religion—and good business. "This being the age of psychology, church members, like everybody else, are anxious to discover what's in it for them." "Religion would have sold itself to more people" if only it had used a little psychology. Says the rabbi: 'The old-time theologians have a hard time finding work these days.'

'Religion may never be the same again,' says the man from Union Theological. Why not? Because, at last, we have got 'religion . . . hooked up with life.' Or, as the rabbi puts it neatly: 'Religion has taken all the concepts it's been preaching about for centuries without practical application—and finally put them in the kitchen.' Hooked them up with the garbage disposal, I daresay.

We owe all this, and heaven, too, to psychiatry. There is a new movement afoot in the world that may yet save us from "our monstrous situation and . . . from our misguided hands." It's a movement that "extols psychiatry, the recent villain, as the hero in a great new chapter in religious life." Says the Reverend: 'We are really in the same business, you know. . . . Somebody just goofed up on the reasoning.'

ENTERED Freud and said, Let there be light—light and love. Of course, people at first didn't understand him; in fact, he didn't understand himself, but that's often the case with prophets and men of genius. They need interpreters, you know, to be understood—properly. Anyway, at first things looked rather bad, because Freud kept talking about sexual drives that manifested themselves everywhere in human life, even in religion. Why, he even called religion a mass neurosis, which is almost as bad as saying that it is the opium of the people—and you know who said that! No wonder these ideas "were an affront to religious groups"; no wonder Freud looked like "the devil's disciple."

But 'Freud was really all right; he just went a little too far.' Or, as our Catholic

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colleague says: 'Freud had the right idea, but he used the wrong word.' It's all a matter of semantics, you see. 'He said, sex gave people thrust. That's too simple. It's not true. We say that love, or fulfillment—of which sex is only a part—is what gives people thrust.' No, anybody as obsessed with sex as Freud was must have had a little sexual problem himself. He never achieved what we would now call a mature conception of love. Of course, he did the best he could in the Vienna of his days, that is, in the bourgeois, middle-class Jewish culture to which he belonged. One must see his achievement in the proper cultural perspective, don't you know?

Then one understands his stubborn, wrong-headed attitude toward religion, too. It was part of the milieu or the *Zeitgeist*, as we would say. But 'Freud was really all right; he just went a little too far.' At heart, he was a "religious man" himself. He just wouldn't admit it, didn't dare to; it must have been too threatening after this funny business with the Catholic nanny in his early childhood. Thus he repressed his capacity for religious experience. But underneath his apparent hostility to religion, there was a deep love. That's ambivalence, you know. And if, as the modern theologian says, "being religious means being concerned," then obviously, Freud was religious. He was deeply, yes, ultimately concerned . . . no doubt. You might say, he was religiously concerned about being non-religious.

Says the man from Topeka: 'Freud's belief was really religious'; and that's just what another famous psychoanalyst to whom we owe the cultural perspective is saying, too: "Freud believed profoundly in the inestimable virtues of truth, reason, brotherly love, reduction of suffering, independence, and responsibility. If that isn't good religion, *what is?*" Yes, indeed, *what is?* You might even say that the trouble with Freud was that he was too religious—too deeply imbued with a sense of mission and prophetic zeal, too much of a Moses with whom he identified all his life. That was bad, because, you see, through this identification he fell into an ancient archetype, the Jewish patriarch, the jealous Jehovah, a kind of Mosaic archetype, as it were; and people don't dig this archetype in our enlightened age. That's why all his early disciples deserted him. They hooked religion up with life—and love, mature love, of course; a sweetened, jazzed up, loving father-figure.

Thus "if you look hard enough in the worst imaginable clutter"—I mean, psychoanalysis—"you are bound to find something good. And in psychiatry, religion found something very good, indeed—the power of a single word: love." Seek, and ye shall find. . . . "The psychiatric method dramatized the religious idea" of love—or "acceptance" and "redemptive fellowship," as we would say in the psychological churches. But there is really nothing wrong with the word "love" if you know what it means. If "psychiatry was talking religious language," why should religion not talk the language of psychiatry? *Quod licet bovi* . . . After all, "God is love"; and love, or fulfillment, is what gives people thrust.

Through the mushroom cloud above
God radiates eternal love.
A little Strontium 90, too,
Just for kicks, out of the blue.

With this thrust of love, we have regained the keys of the kingdom; for this love is a "power that redeems the sinner and creates a counter-thrust of love that completes [your] own life." Thrust and counter-thrust—that's dynamic psychology. It's also dynamic religion. Psychology loves the unlovables. That's "perfect religion" because religion has always loved the unlovables. "That's why good religion and good psychiatry are identical." God will love man, if man "loves the people he can't stand. . . ." By love redeemed.

Of course, it's got to be good; but when it's good there is nothing like love—on the couch or in heaven. Says the gentleman from Union Theological: 'Analysis for me made my religion come to life. I have never been loved that way before—and yet the analyst never said, "I love you."' That was not nice

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of the analyst. A little counter-transference helps to create the proper atmosphere of redemptive fellowship.

"Jesus loves me, this I know;
My psychiatrist told me so."

This may be a little off-key; but there is always more than meets the eye behind these popular parodies. For, after all, 'Jesus was the first psychiatrist.' Says the Reverend: 'I used to feel defensive about some of the psychological criticisms of religion. [But] the more I studied eighth-century prophets and Jesus, the more I realized that these guys were saying the same thing' as modern psychiatry. Of course, we have improved upon these guys. Now we have got the National Academy of Religion and Mental Health; and we have got Drs. Smiley (*Love or Perish*) Blanton and Norman Vincent Peale toiling mightily in the vineyards of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry. But, above all, we have the Guidance of the Whole Person Program and the Parish Life Conference with a special three-day "group dynamics" session. That's "a religious experience en masse" and "the most exciting group activity within American churches and synagogues today." It acts out the religious meaning of the life and death of Susan Peters—the Hollywood actress, you know, who was the victim of a cruel hunting accident which paralyzed her from the waist down and who died several years later because she had lost the desire to live. Just imagine: "God, Freud, and Susan Peters" cooperating, all in one weekend, to produce a religious experience en masse.

You'd be surprised to see what comes out of group dynamics. 'I start out being permissive as all get out,' says the minister; but don't worry, he gets them in the end. "After a day of insistent battering"—please note the subtle way of utilizing a displaced sadism on behalf of salvation—the group is reborn on Sunday, "reconstructed" as we like to put it in the psychological church. Says the Canon: 'Anybody who has had analysis knows what it means to be born again.' It's like the Second Coming. Once you have a *satori* like that, it's just like having a 'Gee, whiz' experience, as the man from Union calls it. And a child shall lead them—provided he has had "Sigmund Freud in Sunday School."

Of course, the Church may have been a little behind the times in its "lack of realism in handling sex morals." But that's a thing of the past, too. Now we know—and "the Bible proves it"—that "sensual pleasure is a gift of God." Count thy blessings. Why, the director of the clinical training program for ministers in the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry has even come out in favor of pre-marital intercourse, and masturbation is now "seen as a normal stage in [human] development." Poor Onan didn't have anybody to help him with his problems. "There is nothing wrong with various forms of love play practiced by many people despite church censure so long as they are found agreeable to the lovers." You see, the big question is this: "If so many people do what the churches say they shall not, as has been proved, is not the church, in a sense, on the side of illness rather than heath?" That would never do. Of course, this is only a rhetorical question; but it makes you think.

Fortunately, in a democratic, permissive society, there is nothing to worry about. The needs of the people are the supreme law. *Vox populi, vox dei,* as we used to say. 'People now recognize that the sexual aspects of their life are God-created, too. . . . Dogma will not satisfy modern men and women in dealing with their sexual yearnings.' We need something more than dogma. And we have got it. 'Partly by the Kinsey Report, but mostly by the needs of men, the best minds of the Church need [come unto me all ye who are needy!] to be challenged to [the] search for the will of God.' That's from a pamphlet called *The Challenge of the Kinsey Report* distributed by the National Council of Churches of Christ. "Another notable pamphlet" distributed by the same Council is called *Sex, Love, and Marriage.* It shows a fetching

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cover of a young man "nuzzling a pretty girl in an off-the-shoulder gown"—pretty daring cover, don't you think? "After examining the various forms of immature and mature love, the pamphlet . . . says: 'The taboos have been broken, and the public press has flooded the country with partial knowledge about sex.'" Now this will never do: we can't have our young people, in this critical phase of the nation's life, in this state of partial knowledge.

How do you account for this "fascinating movement" hooking religion up with life? Well, there is always a number of things that make such a revolutionary advance possible; but "not the least" of them in the present case, as "many clergymen now frankly admit with a remarkable lack of self-charity, has been competition." And naturally we believe in competition, don't you? There has got to be a little loving somewhere, permissive, of course; and if people don't get it from the churches, they have got no place to turn but to soap operas. "Books, magazines, and even . . . television and the movies are increasingly reflecting the enlightenment of our times." The church, loving, progressive, and psychological, has always been on the side of truth and enlightenment. Freud was a child of the enlightenment, too. That's why good religion and good psychiatry are identical.

Of course, there are still some people who don't see the new light on the couch. But there have always been dissenters and doubting Thomases. Bishop Sheen "equates [psychiatry] with Communism"; now, what could be more unfair, I ask you? The Communists hate Freud; we love him. But even priests who are more enlightened than the TV bishop still insist that 'to the Catholic, standards of sin are a fixed matter established by divine law.' Why, even a rabbi may invoke 'objective moral standards' and some Protestant sects, ever since Kant—a classical case study of the repressive rationalist—are fond of using such an old-fashioned expression as the "moral imperative." There are even some people—*anathema sint*—who say such nasty things as that 'many religionists are on the run' and 'have grabbed hold of [psychological] counseling' because their 'religion is bankrupt.'

But, then, one finds these cynical, defeatist elements everywhere and at all times; fortunately, they cannot prevent progress and enlightenment. "The current is running against Bishop Sheen"; and a little elementary semantics—there is nothing like a little semantics, you know—clarifies all this confusing language about objective moral standards and moral imperatives. What these terms "essentially" mean is "the command to men to live together in a relationship of love, acceptance, and understanding." It's as simple as that; and the social consequences are almost embarrassingly "obvious." "To put it bluntly"—and we do put things bluntly nowadays—"a man is not going to get along very well with his neighbor, if he is having an affair with his neighbor's wife." That's good religion and good psychiatry: do not covet thy neighbor's Cadillac! What if his "sexual yearnings" get ensnared with his neighbor's wife? Why, we must have him act them out in the next group dynamics session of the Guidance to the Whole Person Program.

The main thing is to have faith. I believe so that I may love and be lovable. That's the credo of every deodorant. *In hoc signo* . . . "Psychiatry produced the high drama that implemented the high ideals [of religion] as never before." All carping critics to the contrary notwithstanding, "religion's newest, most exciting, and fastest-growing trend is toward the 'psychological church.'"

That's how we have hooked religion up with life. That's how the new loving church looks after "Mrs. Cohen, an ordinary, well-meaning woman, who is not sick, but who nonetheless has the common, mainly depressing problem of finding love and joy in a *mishuga* world."

Mrs. Cohen is on the move
With cross and star of David.
Mishuga *is the world, but love*
And Freud will save it.

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TENSION IN THE WESTERN ALLIANCE

Europe Awaits the Meeting at the Top

MAX BELOFF

SOVIET Premier Khrushchev's impending visit to the United States, and President Eisenhower's visit to Europe to consult with America's principal allies, come as the climax to a summer in which the content and method of Western diplomacy has been under critical scrutiny. As early as June, when the Atlantic Congress met in London to celebrate the first ten years of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, real disagreements about the role of the alliance were evident, disagreements which reflected genuine uncertainty as to NATO's relevance in a strategic and political situation very different from that of 1949. The uneasy debate that has been going on for some time within NATO, and even more markedly among some of its principal European members, has involved not only the major problems of world politics but also the economic relations of the Western European "Little Six" (France, West Germany, Italy, and the Benelux countries) to the other European states.

What seems lacking, above all, in NATO are both a doctrine with which the West can approach the broader world problems—a doctrine which serves the functions that "containment" did between 1947 and 1953—and the requisite leadership to make such a doctrine effective. Only naturally, one looks to the United States for the doctrine as well as the leadership. Neither has been forthcoming. Americans may be more modest now than they were in the immediate postwar years; or perhaps they are simply less certain themselves of what is the right path. But there is a remarkable contrast, indeed, when one reflects on the dominant role that American thinking played in the earlier period—the impetus it gave to European cooperation—and the real hesitations among Americans now as to the European future.

Sentiments of this kind come more naturally from a British source than from a continental European. While it is too early to judge the potentialities of the coming Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks, it seems symptomatic that, whereas there was a fairly general British welcome for the new American initiative, France was skeptical toward the idea and West Germany even more so. It is not that there can be any more illusions in Britain (except in those quarters on the left where such illusions are ever green) as to the possible results of the next round of talks. The difficulties revealed so clearly in the long wrangles of the Foreign Ministers at Geneva will not be conjured away at any summit, bilateral or multilateral. Indeed, the omens for a radical European settlement—on the lines of some form of "disengagement"—are probably poorer than ever. One can see why if one considers, from the Kremlin's point of view, the reception given to Vice President Nixon by the people of Warsaw. Here was proof positive that any important Western statesman will be regarded in Eastern Europe as a harbinger not merely of peace but of liberation. If this is true in the relative freedom of Gomulka's Poland, how much truer must it be in subjugated Hungary or dispirited Czechoslovakia! And, if these regimes could not survive the withdrawal of Soviet power by a day, why should the Russians consider withdrawing?

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It is not, therefore, because the British are under any illusion about the immediate outcome that they have welcomed the Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks. Nor do they even feel particularly elated by the fact that Mr. Macmillan's much criticized visit to Russia last February has in this manner received belated justification, as an example of the correct diplomatic technique when one's political hopes rest on developments over a period of decades rather than over months. The truth is that Britain has recognized, more clearly than the other European powers, that there is no possible source of leadership in NATO other than America. The British may agree with the French and Germans that there are risks in Washington's taking the lead in this way, that America's interests cannot be identical with those of Western Europe; but they are much more certain that there is no alternative to these risks. For quite different reasons, Khrushchev and Macmillan agree upon at least one thing: that there are in the contemporary world only two great powers, and that in the end all depends upon them.

This does not mean that there is any special Anglo-American relationship which enables Britain to calculate future American actions more accurately, or to influence them more intimately. General de Gaulle clearly believes that there is such a relationship, and much of his talk about new arrangements for coordinating Western policy flows from his illusions on this score—illusions which, of course, reflect his own wartime experiences with Roosevelt and Churchill. But it is true that from the wartime experience Britain drew permanent conclusions about America's new role in the world; and, despite a partial retreat at the time of the Suez expedition of 1956, the British sense of American leadership has never really been shaken. Mr. Macmillan, for his part, has been quite careful to show that this remains his own belief.

THIS is not to say that Britain sees no problems in the present state of the Western Alliance, or that it does not desire greater cooperation among the NATO allies in their negotiations with Russia. An increase in political cohesiveness, and a more widespread acceptance of the political and military consequences of "interdependence," are definitely current objectives of British policy. Indeed, Britain seems far more willing than her continental neighbors to face the consequences of nuclear stalemate between the two great powers. London recognizes, better than most European capitals, that there has been an important shift in the military situation. The American lead in nuclear weapons (including the means of delivery) is giving way to a situation nearer parity. And this means, as far as the Europeans are concerned, that America's threat to bomb Russia in the event of a Soviet advance in Europe will be much less effective, since the Russians will pose an equal threat against the United States itself.

True, sections of the left in Britain, understandably bemused by the sheer horror of nuclear weapons, imagine that a unilateral British renunciation of them would enable the country to contract out of a possible global conflict. But there is also a less publicized, but perhaps more important, re-examination of the situation going on at quite a different level of political-military sophistication, a re-examination which begins with the acceptance of "interdependence." This will, indeed, be the theme of the first conference of the new Institute of Strategic Studies, which is to be held in Oxford early in October. One's impression is that, while we in Britain have a long way to catch up on the amount of thinking (sensible and silly) that has gone into these problems in the United States, we are quite far ahead of France and Germany.

We can hardly blame the Germans for not being the current leaders in strategic thought; indeed, we may feel some relief that they are not. But one does feel that some French official attitudes reflect an inadequate appreciation of where things now stand. In particular, the idea that France's own "bomb"—whatever its psychological repercussions—will affect her world standing to any major extent seems to rest on a lack

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of understanding of what being a nuclear power now involves. In this field, there is something of a Rip Van Winkle about General de Gaulle, as though he had awakened in 1958 believing the world had stood still since he quit power more than ten years earlier.

Even if the French case for the reorganization of NATO is well-founded (and it is hard to know what concrete political changes the French are really pressing for), and even if American control of NATO's nuclear warheads is incompatible with full interdependence, and even if the Mediterranean command structure is illogical (the French are not alone in thinking so), the tactics the French have adopted in order to get their claims accepted have appeared to be quite inadmissible. To make demands which handicap what the Supreme Commander regards as the most efficient disposition of his forces, in order to achieve some more rational arrangements in the future, would seem, certainly, a classic case of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

It seems strange that France should have made NATO, rather than the European economic communities, the victim of its new drive for an independent say in world affairs. The French withdrawal from reliance on NATO machinery appears to be a psychological as well as a political and military one, and the present French government seems clearly out of sympathy with the whole idea of an Atlantic Community. But, when the Gaullist regime was first established the chief fear abroad was that France would impede the treaties setting up the Common Market and the European Atomic Community. This has not happened. France is carrying through her obligations under those treaties, and the Paris-Bonn axis has become stronger than ever.

It is indeed a paradox that General de Gaulle, whose historic reputation rests upon his leadership of French resistance to Germany's "New Order," found himself—during the course of the Geneva conferences, for example—closer to the West German position than to those of Britain and the United States. There are, of course, very important nuances which separate the French and German points of view: not unmindful of former friends in Eastern Europe, the French have made it clear that for them the Oder-Neisse frontier between Poland and Germany is final. Nevertheless, Franco-German collaboration now seems quite real, and its roots are tangled.

Certainly France's new allegiance to the European "Little Six," as opposed to Britain and the United States, does not stem from any sympathies in Paris today for the federal ideas out of which the European communities arose; there is now no idea of transcending the French nation-state for some larger end. Rather, it is as a coalition of sovereignties that France now sees the "Europe of the Six." The recent French proposal for some form of ministerial foreign-policy committee of the Six is symptomatic of this outlook, as was the French and West German resistance to recent efforts by the High Authority of the Coal and Steel Community to deal with the European coal crisis. The Common Market is valued for the particular economic benefits it may confer on France, not because it is another step toward Jean Monnet's ideal of a fully integrated European economy.

THERE are several reasons for this new trend in French policy. In the first place, General de Gaulle's real interests lie in Africa, not in Europe: he views the French Community as the secret of France's restoration to greatness. He accepted the provisions of the Common Market because they allowed for the interests of the overseas countries of the French Community; they were, in part, a means of securing German capital for the development of these former French colonies. But while the non-colonial countries of Western Europe may be willing to help France re-establish her imperial position, if only on a new basis of extensive delegations of power, both Britain and the United States, for different reasons, are seen as running athwart such aspirations.

Between France and Britain, of course, there has been a long history of overseas

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rivalry—in the Moslem world particularly in recent decades. The legacy of suspicion is not easy to overcome, and it extends to other colonial and former colonial areas. Thus, there was the patently absurd French notion that the highly chimerical proposals for a federal union of Guinea and Ghana were part of a deliberate plot to detach a part of French Africa for the benefit of the British Commonwealth. The notion of Dr. Nkrumah as the subservient tool of British imperialism might appear ridiculous in London; not so in Paris, where the Commonwealth itself remains a mystery and often a rather sinister one.

There are times, one must admit, when the British seem to play into the hands of French anglophobes. At the time of Suez, it looked as though the two countries were coming together in Middle Eastern affairs, but the lengths to which Britain has gone to repudiate "Suez"—and to which there is nothing corresponding in France—must have made the French feel that the agreement in 1956 was most superficial. The idea of cajoling Arab friendship is a recurrent myth with very high-placed sympathizers in Britain; and, though British relations with Israel are more cordial than they have been in the past, it is France which still appears to be Israel's best friend in Western Europe. Furthermore, the British attitude toward Algeria has taken on a shrillness that must seem to the French to represent the height of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy; indeed, when that attitude manifests itself in the setting up of a House of Commons "Committee on Algeria," albeit an unofficial one, the French might well complain of impudent interference in the affairs of an allied country.

Responsible British opinion, on the other hand, is well aware of the tragic implications of the French dilemma in Algeria—we have our own problem of settler communities and rising nationalism in East and Central Africa. It is also perfectly clear that, if France's strength were not so inextricably tied up in Algeria, she would be able to make a better showing in Europe, and might become more cooperative in NATO. It is just because people feel that General de Gaulle may represent the last hope of a settlement in Algeria that there has been such reluctance to take amiss his intransigence in other fields. Nevertheless, until the Algerian problem is actually solved, France is unlikely to be a constructive partner in any alliance, and it is not easy to see how France's would-be friends can be of assistance in settling that problem.

The Algerian issue also figures in the uneasiness of French relations with America. One suspects that de Gaulle, who has nothing if not a long memory, is still haunted by American policy in North Africa in the war years; the United States may still be paying its price for the Darlan episode of 1942. Moreover, America has now acquired a real stake in Morocco with its air bases, which must affect American reactions to events elsewhere in North Africa. Again, there is the unpalatable knowledge that the United States has become a Middle Eastern power in its own right—symbolized by the American intervention in the Lebanon, once the French protégé par excellence. And, of course, there is the American sensitiveness to the United Nations, where its own (nowadays rather muted) anti-colonialism is continually being put to the test, and likely to be again, at France's expense.

NEXT to Africa, as an explanation of France's alignment with Western Germany, comes the belief of the Gaullist government that, if France cannot in her own right gain admission to the higher reaches of world policy, she may get a hearing as the "voice of Europe." How this can be done is not clear. Why should Germany, whose contribution to NATO strength will soon be cardinal, allow policy for the alliance to be influenced more by the French, whose strength is tied up in Algeria? Indeed, there is already an anomaly in that France, and not Germany, is represented in NATO's military "Standing Group"; and, if that body were as important today as it was earlier, the question would probably have been raised by now. There is a strong air of un-

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reality about the idea of France as chief spokesman for any European group which includes West Germany.

Why does Germany accept French pretensions to leadership? The reasons are to be found in the present situation of the West German government. Dr. Adenauer has consistently preferred the division of Germany to continue, rather than assume the numerous political risks inherent in any policy sincerely designed to bring about reunification. He has, for many reasons, looked west and south, rather than east, for a field for German energies.

The problem is whether this policy can survive its author. Dr. Adenauer has explained that he reversed his original decision to resign as Chancellor because he felt that his most likely successor, Dr. Ludwig Erhard, could not be trusted to follow this line. But, in reversing himself, Dr. Adenauer may have weakened the long-term prospects of his policy by identifying it so clearly as a personal one. At the same time, by weakening the belief elsewhere in Europe, which was never overly strong, in the real attachment of the Germans to their new democratic forms, he may have prejudiced the German position in a rather basic sense.

The feeling that German democracy is by no means deeply rooted is a strong one in Britain; and when Dr. Adenauer complains that Britain is still not prepared to forget the past, he is probably right as far as British opinion at large is concerned. This does not mean, as the Germans sometimes pretend to think, that Britain is eager to be "soft" with the Russians. But it does make Britons readier than Germans and many Americans are to see that the rearmament of West Germany, and talk of reunification under its leadership, provokes very genuine fears in Eastern Europe. (A Briton may well wonder whether Vice President Nixon, when he paid his tribute at the site of the Warsaw Ghetto, fully appreciated the nature of the events of which the Ghetto's struggle was only a single episode.)

The practical manifestations of these divisions between the allies have thus far been apparent more in the economic than in the political field—the Russians still see to it that allied disunity does not go too far on political questions. French objections to Britain's terms for a Free Trade area were largely of the standard protectionist variety (though some integrationists, too, preferred to leave Britain out of things, because of her known objection to supra-national ideas). That the basis of the various West European communities is now economic rather than political is indicated by the recent decision to allow Turkey to become an associate of the Six, and the probability that Greece will follow suit; neither are serious candidates for a political bloc on the geographical axis of the Carolingian Empire.

For the Germans, the economic incentives of a self-contained Little Europe are not very great. Much German industry is interested in the British and Scandinavian markets, and in the negotiations over the original Free Trade area, the British attempted to use these German interests as an entering wedge into the unanimity of the Six. Dr. Adenauer's political loyalties to the Six, stronger than expected, defeated them.

The latest British creation is a proposed Free Trade area of the so-called Outer Seven European countries (Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal). But this seems to be little more than a bargaining instrument, designed to show the Germans that the price of continuing to reject the wider Free Trade area is the loss of their position in the Scandinavian market. It may be necessary to await Dr. Erhard's eventual accession to power before the argument begins to have consequences, but it should be clear that the present arrangement can only be a makeshift. No one can seriously visualize non-Soviet Europe economically divided over a long term between the Inner Eight (the Six plus Greece and Turkey) and the Outer Seven—with Iceland, Ireland, and Spain relegated to limbo.

These basic political and economic divisions are responsible for the utter lack of progress this last year in building the

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European and Atlantic communities. The proliferation of "European" institutions still requires a radical rationalization. Some minor steps have been taken—the Council of Europe has taken over most of the non-military functions of the Western European Union—but the "Grand Design" is as far off as ever. The amalgamation of the Council of Europe and the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, the advantages of which are obvious, seems to have been postponed indefinitely. With Europe now being even further divided economically, the OEEC itself, which has been the most useful by far of the "European" institutions, is in the doldrums.

NATO, on the other hand, apart from the special problem of France, seems to be in better working order than ever. The diplomatic notes from the major Western powers to the Soviet Union are now invariably submitted to the NATO Council for its approval. Political consultation among the NATO countries is, generally speaking, far more intimate and continuous, and has extended even to issues which divide its own members, such as Cyprus and Iceland fishing rights.

What NATO has lacked is not organization, but an up-to-date strategic doctrine and proper leadership—and, in addition, sufficient support from the public, particularly in some of the continental European countries. The NATO parliamentarians hoped that the Atlantic Congress in June might provide some remedy, but its impact on the public mind was even less than had been hoped. The problems of NATO itself, as distinguished from the countries in it, are still being studied in a too restricted circle.

Are these difficulties and tensions within the Atlantic alliance an inevitable result of the multifarious interests of the countries involved, or are they also due, at least in part, to faults in organization? If the latter is the case, are any remedies in sight? Surely, the basic problem—the expansionist tendencies of Soviet Communism—remains present, and seems no less menacing than it was ten years ago. To be sure, there have been substantial changes in the nature of the Soviet challenge, and the recovery of economic strength and self-confidence in Western Europe makes it less vulnerable to anything short of a full-scale attack (which has never been the most likely form of Communist aggression). On the other hand, we are more conscious than we were a decade ago that the Central European front is not the only one, and of the fragility of our defenses elsewhere.

Even more significant, the feeling has grown that the military answer itself is inadequate, since the fate of the NATO countries may depend on the reactions of other nations, which stand outside NATO and outside the other Western-inspired defense pacts. As a result, "aid to underdeveloped countries" has become the current catchword. We must, indeed, take the problem of these countries very seriously; but we should not let our new enthusiasm for them permit us to neglect the surviving problems of our military defense and the political questions connected to it. One sometimes gets the feeling that people want to talk about aid to the underdeveloped countries because they are either bored with Europe's seemingly insoluble problems, or unwilling to muster the mental discipline necessary to think through the consequences of the new developments in nuclear warfare. Furthermore, we still have found no answer to the problem of reconciling useful aid to the underdeveloped countries with political relations that do not appear to infringe their oversensitive nationalisms; and on this very subject, once again, the different members of NATO have understandable disagreements.

It is often argued that the differences which spring up among the NATO countries can never really be resolved except within a single political community: that the alternative to the disintegration of the alliance is its transformation into a community. Perhaps so, but, despite the devoted work of individuals and private associations, it is

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difficult at the moment to see much forward movement in the direction of establishing such a community. The barriers of national feeling seem only slightly less formidable than they have been in the past. These barriers are reinforced by the attractions which other areas, which are external to the alliance, hold for its various members. If there is to be progress toward a community, the process will stretch over an indefinitely long period of time. Indeed, as we have seen, some recent developments have been in the opposite direction.

It appears, therefore, that any real progress toward a community could only come about through some external shock which promoted an active leadership in the major countries directed toward such a radical transformation; that is how political communities have been formed in the past. But there have been shocks enough; and even the sputniks were only a seven-day wonder. For the time being, it seems, we will go on much as we are.

Certainly in this fine summer that Western Europe has enjoyed there has been little sign of great political interest or excitement. The events we have alluded to have made an impression only in narrow and specialized circles. Even the young people seem politically apathetic; they are interested in quite different matters. Never in recent years has the absence of live political leadership been so apparent; and, once again, as so often in the past two decades, it may be up to America to make good the lack.

THE MIST FROM TREE TO TREE

ARTHUR GREGOR

THEY seemed this morning on their way
to work,
not mindful of the fog they could not see,
not mindful of an eye hidden somewhere,
the sign on someone rushing by:
the mist from tree to tree.

They hurried on.
They reached their destination one by one.
The eye looked on when they went in,
when they
came out. Heading homeward on a
darkening road,
a fog closed in: someone was lifted, carried.

ARTHUR GREGOR has published two books of verse: *Declensions of a Refrain* (1957) and *Octavian Shooting Targets* (1954). Born in Vienna, he has made his home in New York City for the past twenty years. This is his first contribution to COMMENTARY.

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DECADE IN NORTHRUP

A Natural Jewishness Emerges

EVELYN N. ROSSMAN

WHEN I first began to think and write about Northrup, ten years ago, an older friend was amused at some of my observations. "Don't worry so much about Jewish survival," he said. "We survived the bad times, we'll survive the good." I didn't know that he was in a position to be so certain. He lived in the city. He had never been, in suburbia, to a Sisterhood bingo party or fought the good fight for culture at a Hadassah Board meeting. He was a stubborn and idealistic Yiddishist, convinced that, at his best, a Jew was a superior being, not comparable to anything, not even to a gentleman. My friend's Jewish chauvinism was boundless. "Foolish children," he took pleasure in shocking a roomful of people who were arguing the merits of Stevenson and Eisenhower, "*zey zeinen beyde goyim*—what difference can it make?"

I hadn't seen my friend all winter, but a warm summer Sunday enticed him out to the country. First he scolded us for living so far from "everything," unaware that his reminders of what we were missing only confirmed our appreciation of what we had. Life in Northrup, though inelegant, is relaxed and comfortable. The status seekers move away, but we came for roots. It would hurt us to leave the forty pines we planted, the rock walls we rebuild each spring, the willow trees that are just taking hold. We may never again work as hard as we have here and we have found a private status of our own in the brook *we* dug, the loam *we* carried, the flourishing arbor *we* planted where only poison ivy and brambles grew before. Scenery, however, had only a passing interest for our city company. Very soon my friend asked, "How is the temple getting along?"

"Which temple?" I said. "We now have three."

"Three temples!" he groaned. "A tragedy. Another confused and divided generation!"

This time, it was I who reassured him. Despite all the fears and warnings, the Jewish community in its own peculiar fashion was more unified now than ever before. Three temples were not a tragedy.

I proceeded to tell him why. And as we talked over the old questions, a sort of time-lag became apparent. News of the latest developments in Northrup had not yet reached the city, just as ten years ago we found that by the time our urban friends were aware of the "new Judaism" in suburbia, the people of suburbia had already been disappointed by it. Now that our own dissatisfactions with organizational Judaism were common knowledge, still other changes had been taking place.

Most significant has been the slowly increasing acceptance of both the differences and similarities in Jewish and non-Jewish life, and a gradual emergence of natural behavior, both personal and group, that is Jewish without drawing all its definitions from the organizations. Yet the new temples and Hebrew schools have been important in the process of change. Why the new congregations were formed, by whom, and what they hoped to accomplish may explain a great deal.

Not surprising in a child-centered Jewish community, the Reform and the Orthodox congregations both began as Hebrew schools, set up in protest against the quality

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THIS is the fourth article of a series by EVELYN N. ROSSMAN, which is a pseudonym; "Northrup" is the imaginary name of the real Massachusetts suburb she lives in. The reader may wish to refer to the three previous essays in the series: November 1957, March 1956, and November 1954.

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—and quantity—of the teaching in the Hebrew school of the Conservative congregation. Quarrels and complaints had gone on for years. The break came when the powers running the Conservative Hebrew school and temple closed down the Sunday morning program; the Jewish Board of Education claimed that it was impossible to teach children anything of importance during a brief Sunday-school session. There were raised voices, insults, hurt feelings, and finally the dissenters took courage. A new Sunday school was set up and a Reform rabbi hired to run it part-time.

The question of money played a part in establishing a separate Orthodox Hebrew school. The leaders of the Conservative temple, sensible businessmen, could see no reason for subsidizing the education of the children of those parents who held off joining the temple until it was time to send their children to Hebrew school, and then left as soon as the children were Bar Mitzvah. Looking for a solution, the Conservative congregation decided to tax those who did not join the temple as soon as they came to town, the tax to be paid when they did join, at the time their children were registered for the Hebrew school. The enrollment at the Reform Sunday school rose immediately. Those parents who did not wish to pay the tax but still did not wish their children to consider themselves Reform set up a new Hebrew school of their own. They were given permission to use a small room in a tiny synagogue that still stood from the time the first Jews came to Northrup as a summer place and erected this small *shul* to use over the High Holidays. It was an Orthodox synagogue, and the new Hebrew school lodged under its roof became an Orthodox Hebrew school.

The leaders of the Conservative temple were sure that the new schools would not last the year. Teachers were hard to find. Facilities were expensive, and parents were either belligerent and complaining, or apathetic. No one could imagine a new surge of zeal and interest, new volunteers, new people to come looking for work. But people came, and were active in very much the same way as the first members of the Conservative temple that once expected to unify the Jewish community within itself. Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods were organized to raise funds for the schools. Dinners, luncheons, and dances were announced. Committees were formed to run bingo games, rummage sales, and raffles of cars, boats, and silver services. Judging from the announcements and notices in the local paper, it seemed as if the first Conservative temple had reproduced itself like a giant but simple amoeba. A non-Jewish visitor at the Friday night services of the Reform temple was disappointed to find, not the Jewish counterpart of Unitarianism which he expected, but simply a slightly different version of the Conservative service he had observed when he visited at another time. "The main difference as far as I could see," he said, "was that the prayer book starts at the left rather than the right."

NEITHER the Orthodox nor the Reform congregation turned out to be any more homogeneous than the Conservative temple. A surprising variety of dissenters had come together in the Reform congregation. There were the seekers after propriety, for a "more American kind" of religion, without skullcaps and *kashruth* and with fewer holidays and less observance. There were the "out" members of the old Conservative temple who smarted under real or imagined slights from the temple leaders. There were the know-nothing Jews, embarrassed because they imagined that they alone were ignorant of history and Hebrew and, even worse, the little things, like knowing when to get up or sit down at a service, when to bow and when to flex the knee. There were of course some brought up and educated in Reform Judaism and desiring this for their children. There were also the parents of the children who took piano, trumpet, or dancing lessons; the little leaguers, cub scouts and girl scouts, who could not spare eight hours a week for Hebrew school.

There were, also, a few who had flirted

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with the idea of joining the Unitarian church, only to find that it was still a church and Christian, with Christmas and Easter celebrations to contend with. The awkwardness of their groping and searching was climaxed in the experience of an unwary couple, both schoolteachers, who had come from California to lose themselves in our sleepy New England town. They didn't notice the temple or the kosher butcher. They didn't read the local paper, where they would have immediately found that they were settling right in the middle of the kind of community they evidently wanted to escape. Their neighbors, however, looked and saw their Jewish faces. The Unitarian church they joined recognized them as strangers. "They're nice, likable people," a member of their congregation said. "If they'd only admitted that they were Jewish, there'd have been no problem. They lasted from July to April. On Easter Sunday, they missed church for the first time. Instead they came late in the day to confess their defection to the minister, surprised that he wasn't surprised. 'I couldn't come,' the young woman said. 'If I couldn't today, then I shouldn't come at all.'" They disappeared, first from the social life in the town and then altogether, moving away without goodbyes.

The Reform congregation mushroomed almost overnight. It included many who had been children of Orthodox families and who were still rebelling against parents, or people with no experience of Jewishness at all. But the rabbi they have chosen for his many good qualities seems less concerned with a proper "American religion" than with his absorbing interest in Yiddish—in fact, a real nostalgia. He does not appear to be working for the dignity or the pride of the German kind of Reform. He is instead trying to amalgamate his miscellaneous collection of people as the new "Hasidim," rebelling against what he thinks of as the dry, rigid tradition, the emphasis on learning and sense of guilt, of Conservative Judaism. Anyone who knows the Conservative temple knows that such an image of it is comical. In fact, the congregation is reluctant to accept much tradition or learning; it refuses to feel guilty and insists on permissiveness. The stereotype is based not on the congregation, but on the behavior of a few individuals—as few as two or three. But the mistaken notion has acted as a stimulus in bringing the new Reform congregation together in opposition to the old Conservative.

THE first few months after the new congregation was formed, the exacerbation of feelings on both sides intensified out of all proportion to the real questions that separated the temples. It was as if people needed some public outburst to relieve the emotional pressure that had been accumulating inside them for many years, as the Jewish community became more divided economically and socially. On a single street where everyone had first come with approximately the same income, some had improved their situation, expanding their homes and increasing their possessions, but bringing anxiety to the neighbors who couldn't keep up. Adults could be thrown into a panic at the thought of being left out of a New Year's Eve party—like a teen-ager not invited to the Senior prom. A woman living on a certain street was pointed out to me by her neighbors as someone they all disliked. When I tried to find out why, all I could discover was that she was the only one on the street who went to Miami every winter and who left the children with a sitter every summer while she and her husband vacationed on Cape Cod. Also, it seemed she had spent almost a thousand dollars on landscaping. Petty jealousies and grievances grew as they were talked over on the telephone or during coffee visits. The long cold winter that kept so many women indoors with their children provided an incubation period for private and public dissatisfactions to grow. Some women would be driven close to the point of breaking down. Older ones could joke about their pent-up feelings and get rid of some tension by dyeing their hair, or suddenly losing twenty pounds at the local reducing salon. For others, the excitement of a new Sisterhood provided a lift.

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The Reform congregation as yet lacks a rich supporter to simplify its problems, and does not have its own roof over its head. While money is being raised for a new temple, meetings and services are held in the Town Hall or at an inn where the décor, to be sure, is more appropriate to the more customary Rotary or Oddfellow meetings. One looks up from the prayer book to see that the chandelier swinging overhead is in the shape of a miniature beer keg! But the members do not seem to mind. The singing at Friday night services is full of enthusiasm—especially the "z'mirot" at the end. People who two years ago were complaining about "too much Judaism" in the community are now singing Yiddish folk songs, and feeling closer to their grandmothers than they ever felt before.

The rabbi's enthusiasm for Yiddish has led to the organization of a course in Yiddish, as well as one in history and in customs and ceremonies. No one in Northrup could have predicted such a turn of events. Yet it isn't so incredible when we remember that the rejection of Hebrew began with the Yiddishists, who had their own way of continuing Jewish life without observing the traditions of Hebrew ritual. Our Reform congregation seems to have the same goal. The difference, however, is that the Yiddishists *knew* the tradition which they chose not to observe.

It is of course unlikely that Yiddish, or Hebrew, or ceremonies and customs, will ever be truly learned in a course. But respect and affection are being acquired. Watching people who such a short time ago made a point of demonstrating neither respect nor affection for this Judaism, causes one to wonder whether they were not looking for a way to change. Whenever I speak to any of the members of the Reform congregation, I'm reminded of the first rabbi of the Conservative temple. He was a practical, worldly man who had no illusions about the lack of faith in his congregation. "Wait," he once said to me, "psychology will bring them back. When they *need* the temple, it will be here." The new wave of nostalgia and sentiment may be evidence of the need he meant. The trend seems to be from rebellion to sentiment to fund-raising, and to study for those who are capable of study. But the motivation seems more emotional than intellectual.

The Conservative temple, however, does not seem able to exploit such motivation. The lay leadership is preoccupied with raising money. The rabbi during the past few years has emphasized education, or counseling. The ordinary member in contacts with the Brotherhood finds the temple is run as if it were a business. The rabbi is at his service as a teacher or as a family counselor, both formal relationships that do not satisfy a vague yearning for a "shul" that is protective and permissive, and for a gentle pastor rather than a scholarly rabbi.

THE experience of the new Orthodox congregation provides another variation on the same theme. It's smaller, with about sixty families compared to the hundred and sixty in the Reform and the six hundred in the Conservative temple. The Orthodox congregation has a building, but also an older generation to appease. Their rabbi is from the old school, bearded, Yiddish-speaking, needing protection because of his age, but providing dignity and authority. His authority is abstract, however, like that of the traditional Jewish grandfather with whom no one would dare argue, but whom everyone would outwit. Unable to cope with the cold, he is away all winter, which gives his congregation a chance to lead themselves. They hold Friday night services, though he doesn't approve. Men and women sit together when the rabbi isn't there, and altogether the services are a more intimate version of the Conservative temple services. The rabbi knows what is happening, but pretends he doesn't for the sake of peace. Nor does he meddle in the affairs of the school committee or press for adult education. No one can quarrel with him. Instead, his congregants wrangle with each other over minor things. For example, parents count the number of times they pick children up

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to take them to Hebrew school, and make sure that no one has the advantage. I've never heard of any discussion as to the superiority of Orthodoxy, only the wish to keep Judaism simple. The avowed purpose of the school is to teach children how to be Jewish; how to *daven*, keep kosher, observe holidays, believe in the Torah, give money to Israel, and not ask questions that can have no answers.

In sum, one can describe the Orthodox Hebrew school and the Reform Sunday school, both, as efforts to return to the original condition of the larger conservative Hebrew school. The kind of Jewish education children got in Northrup in the earliest days—instruction in a kind of basic simple Judaism—was very much like what they get in the present Reform Sunday school. In fact, the same people who taught them are teaching now. And the small Orthodox Hebrew school is a reproduction of the second stage, when Hebrew was introduced but the emphasis remained on the prayer book and the holidays.

But while the two newer schools, Orthodox and Reform, were establishing themselves, the older school with over six hundred children, against which the rebellion was directed, changed radically. The old principal left. He was replaced by a younger, more capable man, who altered the school's atmosphere overnight. Here I should like to point out that the personalities of the professionals in the Jewish community have a profound effect upon the Jewish population. The rabbis, principals, and teachers are the images of the "Jewish Jews" of the town. They are judged not only by how well they carry out the duties for which they are paid, but also by whether the community can identify with them as people, whether they can emulate them and feel pride in their accomplishments. Since, when all is said, most of Northrup's Jews have little Jewish education, Judaism in our town tends to be judged by the behavior of the relatively few people who are publicly committed to it. The rigid old-fashioned teacher makes Judaism seem rigid and old-fashioned. The young vigorous teacher arouses a feeling of new hope and spirit.

Though he seems unaware of it, the Conservative congregation's new Hebrew school principal has introduced a new kind of Jew to Northrup. Born in Eastern Europe, he spent a good part of his childhood in a concentration camp where most of his family was lost. He lived in Israel, fought with the Haganah, came to America to study, and was persuaded to stay and teach for a while. He and his wife brought the community an example of natural, unequivocal Jewishness, which a whole school of children can hold on to, and parents can respect.

In substance, the school has remained the same. There are the same children, buildings, subjects, and hideous hours. Children from the ages of eight to fourteen go to Hebrew school three afternoons a week from three to five or five to seven. Services are held on Saturday mornings; attendance is compulsory. There are extra classes in Torah reading, choir, Hebrew folk dancing, and cantor service, all of which disposes of any free time the children might have left over. The pressure is relentless, but surprisingly most of the children go along with the program. Teachers still shout and struggle with discipline problems, as under the former regime. But on the whole the change in learning and in decorum is tremendous. The principal and his teachers have created a sense of obligation in the children, and a sense of religious conscience, that was not there before. Surprised parents find their children worrying because they're not good enough in Hebrew. Suddenly, many children openly show that they want to please the principal or his wife (who also teaches).

Adults, naturally, are not so easily motivated. The Adult Education Program of the Conservative congregation suffers from a crisis every year. One-year study groups are a kind of fad and everyone may join to study basic Judaism, history, or the Bible. The next year the classes may be replaced by cha-cha lessons, a bridge club, or eurythmics. There may be a brief return to Hebrew

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classes after that, but advanced classes seldom prosper. The programs continue, but without excitement except for the few people each year who "discover" Judaism at one of the courses or lectures.

The Jewish communal and philanthropic organizations often reflect a similar lack of zeal and commitment. Antagonisms among them are softened by common problems of membership, program-planning, and fund-raising. It is notable, however, that as general interest decreases, the leadership improves. More and more the leaders are the people with a sense of obligation rather than individuals seeking social recognition.

Not unexpectedly, however, many former leaders of the Jewish community find it more satisfying to serve on the Public School Committee than on the Hebrew School Committee, on the board of the League of Women Voters, the Library, or the Warrant Committee, rather than B'nai B'rith, Hadassah, or the temples. Jews are now active in all but the few clubs that bar or restrict their membership. And their new role affords them a new view of themselves and of the Jewish community. They are getting to know the older town leadership, people they've admired and wished to emulate. Many come out of the experience with more respect for their Jewish background than they had when they were involved in Jewish affairs alone. They are discovering their "difference"; not the difference suggested by other people, but their own private difference in feeling, action, and temperament.

Some like to speak of their "new understanding." Others act it out in new patterns of behavior toward the Jewish community. There still remain many who are unsure of themselves outside the Jewish community and persist in their view that "all people are alike," "all religions are really the same." In such individuals, anxiety and embarrassment is created by discussions of Jewish values and theology as compared to others. "Why are you knocking another religion?" one woman protested when a discussion leader spoke critically about the idea of original sin. "If we criticize others, they'll criticize us," another remonstrated. "We should worry about brotherhood, let's not argue religion," said a third. But it is precisely the people who *are* concerned with brotherhood who, willingly or unwillingly, are discovering the issues and habits that can separate brothers and make them conscious of themselves.

It was necessary to get closer to non-Jewish society to test the Jewish myths about non-Jewish life. The vision of the beautiful, enviable life of "the others," well-mannered, safe, without tension and problems, falls to pieces as quickly as the image in the minds of the older generation who had feared the fighter, the hunter, the drunkard. Jewish families now live not only in the developments which are predominantly Jewish, but also in the older sections of the town. Only a small area of Northrup is known to be restricted. But wherever there are children playing together, parents at least greet each other and talk in a neighborly way. This is a new experience for those who grew up in all-Jewish neighborhoods. Most women quickly discover that their problems of child-rearing, housekeeping, budgeting, are the same as those of their Gentile neighbors.

With an awareness of the fact that the Jews of Northrup differ very little from their neighbors in their general way of life, the rabbis, Hebrew teachers, and Jewish organizations continue to foster a feeling of Jewish separateness by emphasizing Jewish holidays, customs, and problems. Caught between a wish to be "like everybody else" and the pressure to be different, every family finds its own equilibrium: parting with traits that seemed particularly alien to the American environment, until they discover the differences they cannot bear to part with.

The conflicting pressures serve to focus attention on differences. For instance, Jewish members of local committees, whether concerned with school problems, water conservation, the library, or mental health, report that they find themselves asking questions no one wants to hear; uncovering

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problems others prefer to ignore; looking for changes where others are anxious to preserve the status quo. "What's the matter with us?" a woman asks. "*They* don't get excited. *They* don't seem to have to prove themselves!"

The "they" with whom the comparison is made, however, are often the older families in the town, for whom Northrup is not a stepping-stone but a harbor, a place away from the city or the more conforming suburbs, in which to relax with golf and tennis and boating in summer and community affairs in winter. Those who find Northrup too dull and quiet leave it for more exciting places. Those who remain are anxious to keep it from changing, because change threatens the life they've come to accept. An elderly lady at a League of Women Voters meeting once turned to me after she had looked around the room, and said, "It's strange, our families are going down in the world and you people are coming up and we meet here. . . ." In the older sections of the town, where Jewish and non-Jewish families live side by side in similar sprawling Victorian houses, the interior decoration seems to dramatize the occupant's feelings. The old settlers of Northrup, who live in the houses they grew up in, or similar ones, keep the old furniture and the ruffled curtains, the treasured Queen Anne chair, and the worn rugs. The Jewish homemakers have brought little, if anything, from their mothers. For a young Jewish wife, owning a house is an accomplishment, a new and meaningful experience.

The willingness to get excited and involved, whether with housekeeping or community affairs, has made it easy for Jews to contribute to all the cultural programs in the town. Amateur music, art, and drama are indebted to Jewish leadership and participation—though, perhaps regrettably, such participation is usually in lieu of working for the Jewish community, a studied effort to take part in non-sectarian activities. There remains some nervousness about Jewish domination of activities, and nominating committees are very careful to maintain a balance that will not frighten anyone away. A small non-Jewish minority voices its pleasure in new and unexpected friendships and stimulation, and in the eager drives for improvement. The majority remains polite and reserved. On the whole, it is accepted that all people have their prejudices, and also have the right to hold on to them.

The children at school choose their friends more spontaneously than their parents, and worry about their differences only when the holidays come. Almost all the Jewish children stay home from school on the Jewish holidays. They confirm their separateness from the rest of the community as they walk to temple in their good clothes, passing the milkman's truck, the mailman with his cart, and the housewives hanging out the wash. Their friends at school watch as the Jewish youngsters pass by on their way to services and a few, for the moment, may wish that they were Jewish too. Then on Christmas morning the Hebrew school bus rattles through the town taking the children to Hebrew school just as on any other day.

Christmas still remains traumatic, year after year. Jewish children who feel at home in school all year become strangers in their own house for the few weeks before Christmas. A nine-year-old weeps: "There's a tree in front of the room, decorations on the windows, and carols in the hall. Christmas is every place!" Her mother offered to get her a present and have a mock celebration at home. But she insisted that wasn't what she wanted; she wanted her teacher to acknowledge that *she* was in the room, and was not supposed to celebrate Christmas. The policy of the schools, however, is to ignore the fact that the tradition of Christmas is not the tradition of almost half the school population. In the end, the effect of the holiday season is to make the Jewish children feel more strongly their group intimacy, and separate them from their other friends. Some parents and children talk more seriously about their Jewishness on Christmas than they do on Yom Kippur.

It would be almost impossible for a Jewish child to grow up in Northrup unaware

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of his or her Jewishness. If this is true, I think it is not because, as some people still insist, Jewish self-consciousness is forced on us by the surrounding non-Jewish life, but because the Jewish organizations and the people running them play a far greater role now than ever before. Jewish doing, even without thinking, seems to have primed the pump. Children emerge from the Hebrew school knowing at least how to conduct themselves in the temple, often knowing better than their parents. They have learned not only how to follow a service, but also how to lead it. They have responded to the urging of their Hebrew school teachers to eat less candy and spend the money they save on trees for Israel. Children often conduct the Passover seders at home, and go to services that their parents ignore on the Sabbath and holidays. Rarely is any demand made strict enough to evoke rebellion on the children's part. The average Jewish parent has a relaxed attitude—until the question of intermarriage, and the dating that would make it likely, comes up. Then teenagers are often bewildered by their parents' sudden stand, by all the emotion and stubbornness where there had been apathy before. It seems strangely inappropriate in Northrup, where tolerance and good manners are taken so much for granted now.

In fact, manners in Northrup are so good that it is hard to imagine overt anti-Semitism. But for those Jews who are wary or fearful, a look, a careless word, or merely a reference to some trait as being Jewish can create as much anxiety as a thrown stone. In this respect, the children seem to differ from their parents. Accustomed to individual recognition at school as readers, writers, or budding scientists, they sometimes fret that their Jewishness is ignored as of no relevance. The very treatment that their parents would like makes them a little anxious, especially if they attend Hebrew school and are involved in Jewish clubs or activities. Paradoxically, children learn at school that "all people are the same" and are amazed at their parents' ability to recognize fellow Jews on sight. Adults of course are generally aware of certain differences in dressing, eating, and home decoration. The young Jewish women tend to be more fashionable than the others and are conspicuous at a PTA dance by their clothes. Jewish homes favor modern or French provincial furniture rather than early American.

If one attends Jewish and non-Jewish parties, one finds that there will usually be more to eat at a Jewish party and more to drink at the others. Such differences may be remarked on, unlike religious differences, about which it is considered not proper to speak. It is also not advisable to take note of embarrassing differences in zeal, either. For what to one seems like a drive for progress and improvement seems like unnecessary pushing and looking for trouble to another. One man's conservatism and caution may appear to his eager neighbor to be more like apathy and selfishness. The rabbis are, however, quick to suggest that Judaism is a spur to progress. They remind their congregations that the Messiah hasn't come, and that it is up to the Jews to improve the society that exists, by maintaining an interest in education, in cultural activities, and in community life.

IT DOES not seem to matter whether one believes that Judaism is the best religion, or whether one feels that it is inadequate and old-fashioned. Nor does it seem possible to avoid making comparisons and passing judgment, which are part of a continuing effort to justify being Jewish. The need for justification colors all kinds of ideas and opinions, and leads to the assumption that their religion and history affects Jews more than money, education, and class. Both Jewish and non-Jewish reactions to an interfaith program seemed, in fact, to indicate that this was a general rather than a Jewish notion.

Talking with people after a program of church and synagogue music sponsored by the interfaith council, I found that Jewish and non-Jewish comments were quite different. "Do you think such programs accomplish anything?" a Jewish friend asked me with a skeptical shrug. We were impressed

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with how we differed from the Congregationalists, whose large children's choir gravely sang about the trinity. We were impressed also with the solemnity and the capability of the Episcopal choir, in their formal red robes, singing a Mass. Excerpts from the Friday night services sung by our Reform temple's choir seemed a world away from the sentiments and the sweetness of the Baptist trio or the Negro spirituals of the Unitarians. The Conservative temple's children's choir, without robes, leader, or accompanist, sang Israeli tunes—their leader was uneasy about singing from the prayer book to a hatless audience, in a church. I left a group of Jewish friends who were concerned about how much such an evening revealed the differences between us and the others, to find myself in a non-Jewish group where casual acquaintances took my hand and told me, "I'm so glad I came. . . . Such evenings prove that we really are so much alike." It was as if Jewish singing and praying had, for the others, such an aura of strangeness, that the reality of the familiar faces of children or neighbors came as both relief and reassurance.

THE afternoon passed quickly while my friend and I talked about Northrup. But all the time I had the feeling that nothing I said surprised him, that he had heard most of it before. Before he left, he asked, "So where do you fit in now? With three temples, where did *you* pray last Yom Kippur?"

I had to confess that I spent the last Yom Kippur walking around the lake. The temples were all full. No one missed me. It was a golden day. The air smelled of wild grapes and marigolds and I was giddy from fasting. I brought the children to the Hebrew school service in the morning and remained to help with the pre-schoolers. We recited the *Shema* and I taught them to sing "En Kelohenu." I told them the story of Jonah and explained what a shofar was. The children shared aloud their opinions of what was good and what was evil; and what the words atonement and repentance meant. "Love is good," said a little boy in a sequin-embroidered *yarmelke*. "Killing is bad," the girl seated next to him added. Another little boy suggested that hurting people's feelings was as bad as stealing. Several children stood up and asked permission to say a Hebrew prayer they knew. We heard the blessing for bread and wine, for going to bed, for waking in the morning.

Later, I stood in the doorway of the temple and listened. An old lady, a stranger to me, was sitting in my seat. The room was hot and musty. A reader was leading the prayers while the cantor rested. It was so easy to join the children now playing on the lawn, to go back home where my husband waited for us and stroll leisurely down to the lake, empty of swimmers and sailboats.

We didn't forget for a moment what day it was. We recalled other Yom Kippur days in Northrup, in Texas, in Kentucky, and in my father's old *shul* in New York where little boys sang with raucous, falsetto voices and where I once sat between my mother and grandmother praying as loud as I could so that they could see that the time I spent in Hebrew school was not wasted. Our children teased their father—they knew more Hebrew than he did. They had been to services while he remained at home, reading.

"Why do individuals like you stay here?" my friend asked. "Do you need a temple, a community? Do you ever need to conform to a group?"

As he spoke, I realized that the longer we lived in Northrup the less we conformed—the more we were ourselves. Our friends, however, hadn't left us. We didn't feel lonely. We belonged both to the Jewish and the general community on our own terms, which so far as we can tell are accepted. We don't know whether we took, or were given, permission to be ourselves. But it would be hard to tempt us to leave Northrup, so long as we are able to feel so free, and Northrup continues to grow and change, striving in its own fashion, for improvements in education, government, and human relations. Who knows what the next ten years will bring?

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HOW PROGRESSIVE IS OUR TAX SYSTEM?

The Attrition of a Democratic Idea

ROBERT J. LAMPMAN

TAXES in our country have increased tenfold since Herbert Hoover was President. We now pay out $110 billion a year—30 per cent of our personal income—to the Federal, state, and local governments. The rising costs of defense ($40 billion), foreign aid, veterans' benefits, farm subsidies, interest payments, roads, schools, and social services have kept taxation in the political headlines from coast to coast. Nevertheless, though there is considerable talk of balancing budgets, there has been little discussion of taxation as a social policy —a means of redistributing the national income, limiting the share of the rich and increasing the share of the poor and the middle-income groups.

Yet, fifty years ago, when the modern era of American taxation began, the power to tax was clearly recognized as the power to preserve equality of opportunity by curtailing the growth of private fortunes and assisting the lower classes. It was in 1909 that Congress passed the resolutions which led four years later to the adoption of the historic Sixteenth Amendment, giving the Federal government the power to tax personal incomes at "progressive" rates (the higher the income, the higher the tax rate). Such a progressive income tax had been on the priority list of social reformers in Europe and America for many decades; not only the English Chartists and Karl Marx had advocated it as the best means of redistributing wealth—Populists and Progressives in the United States did strenuous battle for a progressive income tax in the courts and legislative assemblies. But because the Supreme Court had struck down previous Congressional enactments, a constitutional amendment was finally necessary. In 1909, too, Congress first enacted a tax on the incomes of corporations, and in 1911 Wisconsin led in establishing the first successful state income tax. In 1916, the Federal estate tax was added to the battery of progressive taxes.

Behind these changes in tax policy moved a vigorous spirit of protest against the increasing concentration of wealth which had marked American social development after the Civil War. The reformers pointed to the emerging family dynasties and the threat of oligarchy, and declared that equality of opportunity was a delusion so long as economic status was so grossly unequal. By the time of the Wilson administration, the reformers had established the principle of taxation as an equalizing device.

Before 1909, the local property tax had been all-important, with the Federal government meeting its modest needs almost entirely by customs duties and excise taxes on liquor and tobacco. After the progressive Federal income tax had demonstrated its utility in meeting the costs of World War I, even Andrew Mellon, the reactionary Secretary of the Treasury during the 20's, could only get it modified; he could not secure its repeal. By 1929, a fourth of all tax revenues was derived from personal and corporate income taxes. Now they produce more than half, and the fulminations of the outright opponents of the income tax—like the Connecticut industrialist Vivian Kellems, the former Governor of Utah, J. Bracken Lee, and the States' Rights Presidential candi-

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date, T. Coleman Andrews—more and more have an irrelevant and crackpot sound.

CONTRARY, however, to a popular assumption, the over-all U.S. tax pattern became less, rather than more, progressive during the New Deal period. Even though the Federal government began taking close to half of all taxes, the Roosevelt administration was compelled to depart from the progressive tax policies of the Wilson era. With the economy in a state of near collapse, Roosevelt did not wish to discourage business; and when World War II broke out, the White House felt that defense production might be impaired unless "Dr. New Deal" gave way to "Dr. Win the War."

Even before the international emergency, the Roosevelt administration had lowered the personal exemption for a married couple from $3,500 to $2,500. In this manner, the number of income-taxpayers was raised by half, from 2.5 million in 1929 to 3.9 million in 1939. During the war, exemptions were lowered again, this time to $500 per person. At war's end they were raised to $600, where they stand today. Meanwhile, the postwar inflation not only qualified many more people for the income-tax rolls (inflation cut the real value of the exemption in half) but it pulled many "middle-income" families into the reach of the higher rates which formerly affected only the top-income families. Today, income taxes are paid by 46 million families—including 80 per cent of all earners. And four-fifths of the revenue comes from the very first tax bracket, the 20 per cent tax which is levied on "net taxable income" under $5,000 for a family.

Meanwhile, other forms of taxation have been undergoing broad changes. In examining the over-all tax pattern from Hoover to Eisenhower, we find that the big shift has been away from state and local property taxes toward the Federal income taxes. The share of sales and excise taxes were reduced in the last thirty years from 36 to 24 per cent; but if we add to the last figure the flat-rate social security assessments which now account for 13 per cent of all revenue, we see that the share of such "regressive" taxes (levies which hurt the poor more than the rich) was remarkably alike in 1929 and 1958—more than a third of all taxes collected. State and local property taxes have actually doubled, in dollar figures, over the last three decades, from $5 billion to about $11 billion. But their share in all taxation has decreased, from 41 per cent to 11 per cent, as the main burden of government has shifted to Washington. Thus, the great increases in spending during the 40's and 50's were mostly financed out of Federal personal and corporate income taxes.

Since the personal income tax is collected at progressive rates, and the corporate income tax is levied on profits, in theory the changes of the last three decades should have made the national tax pattern more progressive, equalizing incomes in a more decided way than did the taxes of the 20's and 30's. In fact, however, today's taxes are no more equalizing than they were under Andrew Mellon, although they are much, much higher. The explanation of this seeming paradox lies in the understanding of a recondite phrase called the "tax base," which means the amount and kind of income which is subject to be taxed. Changes in the base of the personal income tax have enormously reduced its equalizing effect over the years. These changes involved (1) a "widening" of the base at the bottom, among the poor, and (2) a "narrowing" at the top, among the rich.

The bottom was widened by the lowering of personal exemptions in the 30's and 40's together with the inflation of the 40's and 50's. To exempt today the same purchasing power that was exempt in 1929, the exemption would have to be $7,000 per married couple, instead of $1,200 as at present. Moreover, the growth in average *real* incomes brought more relatively low-income families into the reach of the tax. Hence, while the personal income tax was strictly a "rich man's tax" in 1929, it is now "every-man's tax."

Meanwhile, at the top, a decided "narrowing" has been effected. Ever since the

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war, and certainly in the Eisenhower administration, fewer categories of income have been taxed at progressive rates. Today, only 40 per cent of the income received by persons is subject to personal income tax. What are euphemistically called "loopholes" have enabled wealthy people to avoid the full impact of the progressive tax schedule. These "loopholes" are not illegal dodges on the part of the taxpayer; they are deliberate social policy, written into the tax laws by Congress, mostly on the recommendations of the administration. Tax experts cynically observe that while the tax rates are legislated progressively to please the poor, the tax base is legislated to please the rich.

In theory, the tax rate is supposed to go as high as 91 per cent for the very richest taxpayers. In fact, thanks to deductions, exemptions, exclusions, and income-splitting, the *maximum* effective rate in virtually all cases is only 50 per cent. A married taxpayer with two dependents earning $100,000 should theoretically be taxed at an average rate of 52 per cent; in fact, the typical taxpayer in these circumstances pays something less than 30 per cent of his total income in tax. The rich man pays lower taxes on income derived from capital gains, stock dividends, or interest from tax-exempt bonds than a man who earns all his money from wages or salary. The well-to-do executive can do considerable juggling with his expense account; his firm may provide him with many personal services which are written off as business expenses. The homeowner can make profitable deductions if he pays interest on a mortgage; the man who pays rent gets no such tax benefit. Often, the wealthy can actually save money by making just the right amount of contributions of money, securities, or real estate to charitable organizations.

A major change, making the tax even less progressive, was enacted by the 80th Congress in 1948; married couples were permitted to split their income-tax base in two. Such splitting brought considerable tax relief to high-income families; a $100,000 income, for example, was thenceforth taxable only at the top rates for $50,000. Lower-bracket taxpayers received no comparable benefits—or nothing like what they would have received had the personal exemption been raised to pre-war levels. All these special provisions and loopholes help explain why the tax system does no more to redistribute wealth than it did twenty and thirty years ago; why in fact, it affects the broad distribution of income and wealth in the American population in only a minimal way.

SENATOR Paul Douglas, commenting some time ago on John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, remarked that today's urban family of four needs an income of $10,000 a year to maintain itself decently and can hardly be considered "affluent" until it earns more than $15,000. President Truman once described the "middle income" group as those earning between $10,000 and $20,000 a year. A strange "middle," certainly, for these incomes are enjoyed by only the top 5 per cent of the population.

There are about 50 million "consumer units" (families and unattached individuals) in the United States. If we rank them by income and divide them into five equal groups, we find that in 1954 the poorest fifth (earning under $2,200 a year) received less than 5 per cent of the total income. The richest fifth (with incomes over $7,000) received more than 45 per cent. At the very top, the highest 2.5 million consumer units (enjoying incomes over $12,350, and an average income of $21,761) got 20 per cent of the total. In other words, the richest twentieth of our population had four times as great a share as the poorest fifth.

Although the Federal income tax is the most progressive of all taxes (its effective rates range from 2.4 per cent in the lowest fifth of the population to 18.7 per cent in the top 5 per cent of families), it did little to modify this pattern of income distribution. The under-$2,200 group, which had 4.8 per cent of the total income before paying the Federal tax, had 5.2 per cent after it. The highest fifth, the over-$7,100 group, had 45.2 per cent of the income before the

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tax and 43.2 per cent afterward. And the top 5 per cent of income earners, who had 20.3 per cent of the income before the tax, still had 18.3 per cent afterward.

Moreover, the Federal personal income tax raises only a third of all tax revenues. When all other taxes have been collected, the pattern is even less progressive. The poorest fifth (the under-$2,200 group) pays out 24 per cent of its income in taxes of all kinds; the richest fifth (over $7,100) pays 36 per cent; the top 5 per cent (over $12,350) pay 42 per cent. Of course, low-income groups spend a higher proportion of their earnings on the necessities of food, clothing, and shelter; and it may well be argued that it is more difficult for a man earning $40 a week to give up $9 in taxes than for a man earning $400 a week to surrender $170. In any case, these rates (which we have adapted from the studies of Professor Richard A. Musgrave of Johns Hopkins University) do not appreciably reduce the share of the top 5 per cent in the total personal income of the country: 20.3 per cent before all taxes, 17 per cent after all taxes. This is about the same as before the war; few realistic observers would call it "confiscatory taxation."

As far as the lower and middle income groups are concerned, taxes are demonstrably higher than they were twenty years ago. To maintain his purchasing power, a person with a $2,500 income in 1939 would have had to earn $5,000 in 1954. If he did so (many did, though others did not), his overall tax rate would have changed over those years from 22 to 27 per cent. If he maintained a constant income of $2,500, his rate would have risen from 22 to 26 per cent.

Economic inequality, it should be observed, can never be adequately portrayed by the facts on distribution of income. The distribution of wealth is in some ways more revealing. In 1953, for example, the top one per cent of adults owned 27 per cent of all personally held wealth in the country. Certain types of wealth were even more concentrated. This top one per cent, for example, held over 75 per cent of the corporate stock, corporate bonds, and tax-exempt state and local government bonds (although only 13 per cent of real estate and 12 per cent of life insurance).

Much political capital has been made out of the fact that the share of the richest families in personal income took a sharp fall in the war years, that is, between 1938 and 1945. (The share has remained constant since then.) But the distribution of *national* income, which allots corporate income to the various income groups on the basis of their stockholdings, did not change either during the New Deal or during the war. The share of wealth held by the top 2 per cent of families was slightly reduced between 1922 and 1953, from 33 to 29 per cent. But their share of producer-assets, notably corporate stock, has remained rather constant, fluctuating between 65 and 75 per cent throughout these three decades. In addition, the top 2 per cent of families stand in a position to control or benefit by the roughly $75 billion of wealth now held in title by personal trust funds and foundations.

The trend since 1949 has been toward an increasing concentration of wealth, largely because corporate stock, the chief asset of the rich, has risen four times in price while the general price level has only doubled. The pattern of investment of the rich in 1953 suggests how well they were hedged against inflation and the stock market boom of 1954-59. Close to half the estate value of the top wealth-holding families was in corporate stock, about a fifth in real estate, and about a tenth in business equities—and all of these tend to rise with the general price level.

Apart from the Federal personal income tax, the only other major tax in the American system for which progressive features are claimed is the tax on corporation profits. Some scholars have come to the conclusion that, because stock ownership is so concentrated, this is the most equalizing of all taxes. Professor Musgrave, for example, assumes that two-thirds of the tax is borne by the stockholders and, allocating the tax

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to the income groups known to own most of the stock, he estimates that the tax has effective rates of about 4 per cent up to $10,000, and 14 per cent over $10,000 of income.

The critical assumption here is that the corporate profits tax reduces profits and is largely borne by the stockholder. A good case can be made against the soundness of this assumption, however. Particularly in the recent years of inflationary pressure, and particularly among the "blue-chip" corporations in non-competitive industries, companies have been able to pass a large share of the tax on to the consumers in the form of higher prices. Thus, many corporation executives have boasted of their record in maintaining "stable" profit rates, after taxes. Meanwhile, those who buy corporate stocks buy them at prices which reflect the capitalized value of earnings per share *after* taxes; they thus "buy free" of the tax. Finally, leaders of small business maintain that the corporate tax rates, which are not graduated in the manner of the personal income tax, do little to disrupt the growing concentration of wealth among the giants of American industry.

In any event, if some case may be made for the progressiveness of the corporate profits tax, all the other Federal taxes (aside from the personal income tax) and the state and local taxes taken together are regressive. Sales and excise taxes yield two-thirds of state revenues; property taxes produce nine-tenths of local revenues. Social security contributions are also regressive; they are partly shifted in the form of higher prices or rents, and thus take a larger part of the income of the poor than of the rich.

The trend in the Eisenhower administration has been toward a less equalizing tax system. The 1954 Revenue Act introduced the special allowances for dividend income. The 1958 act liberalized depreciation allowances. In line with the administration's belief in local initiative, regressive state and local taxes have been assuming a larger share of all taxes. Excises and sales taxes are increasingly being used by the Federal government—e.g., for the highway program—as well as the states and localities. (The share of excises and sales taxes in all taxes has risen almost 10 per cent in the last five years.) Moreover, state and local governments have more and more been using "charges" as substitutes for taxes; these charges, generally regressive, take the form of fees, tolls, public prices, and tuitions. Finally, inflation continues to dilute the progressiveness of the income tax itself. For when money incomes rise through inflation, the lower-income groups are caught by a greater increase in effective rates than are the wealthy.

IT MAY seem a piece of outmoded radicalism to talk about taxation as a way to narrow the distance between the rich and the poor. The inherent purpose of taxation is to raise revenue for government, and conservatives have always argued that taxes should not impose any changes on the "natural" social fabric. Yet, when taxes take as large a share of the national income as they do at present, the tax system unwittingly becomes a massive engine which can increase the income share of either the rich or the poor.

The customary liberal argument is to justify progressive taxes on the grounds of "fairness" in sharing governmental burdens; the "ability to pay" principle is held to be most fair. But it is obvious that this argument leads quickly to value judgments about what the ability to pay really is, and these value judgments ultimately involve the question of equalization.

The case for reduction of inequality may be said to have two parts: one developed in terms of preferences, the other in terms of social consequences. Henry Simons, the renowned University of Chicago spokesman for free enterprise who supported progressive taxation, stated the first position well. "The case for drastic progression in taxation," he said, "must be rested on the case against inequality—on the ethical or aesthetic judgment that the prevailing distribution of wealth and income reveals a degree

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(and/or kind) of inequality which is distinctly evil or unlovely."

But the consequences of failing to equalize may include more than an injured psyche or a guilty conscience. The hope of a democratic capitalism rests on a limited inequality of income and widespread ownership of capital. An informed and responsible electorate and a well-motivated laboring class cannot be expected to develop in a society of increasing economic inequality. The social costs of accommodating concentrated wealth and power, on the one hand, and poverty, on the other, may far outweigh the gains which ensue from encouraging the economic activity of the rich. These social costs include the effects which flow from poverty on the health, morals, and safety of the whole community. They also include some loss of energy and undiscovered talent from that part of the population which is raised in the mire of economic inadequacy.

The leading argument against "over-zealous" progressive taxation is that discouragement of the rich and those who would like to be rich ("abolition of incentive") will result in a loss of total income and production. It used to be argued that high taxes on the poor made them work harder, but few today would agree with Patrick Colquhoun, who wrote in 1806 that poverty is "a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society." Surely, there has also been some modification in our thinking about how socially necessary are great riches in the hands of a few. The experience of the last five decades with some degree of progressive taxation has hardly inhibited the growth of American income and production, whereas it has made possible some degree of social protection for the poor.

Inequality tends to feed on itself, to be cumulative over the generations. The maintenance of equality of opportunity may require a steady tax pressure against this "natural" growth in inequality. Galbraith has called attention to the failure of governmental social services in the fields of health, education, transportation, and welfare to keep pace with the growth of the population and of private consumption over the last two decades. The money to finance the needed expansion of such services must obviously come from taxes; bond issues merely add higher fixed interest charges to Federal, state, and local budgets, charges which themselves must ultimately be paid for out of taxation.

The question, in the last analysis, is *what kind* of taxes can raise the necessary revenue while maintaining or extending the equalizing characteristics of the tax system. The assumption among conservatives in Congress and the state legislatures has been that progressive taxation has gone as far as it should, and that new sources of income can best be tapped by sales and excise levies or various kinds of charges. Yet economic research shows that a liberal tax program, based on extension of the progressive principle, would raise more money without increasing rates, while acting to reduce inequality of income and wealth.

On the Federal level, it seems to me, three lines of action should be pursued. First, the Federal personal income tax can be vastly improved by restoring the base. At present, with three-fifths of the income received by persons not subject to this tax, there is a widespread belief that the tax law encourages speculative gains and property incomes at the expense of salaries and wages. The task here is to remove the advantages which accrue to those better-off taxpayers who get most of their income from other sources than wages, who own rather than rent their homes, and who are able to manipulate charitable contributions for tax benefits. We can have all the present equalizing results of the income tax with a much lower schedule of rates simply by restoring the tax base. By narrowing the definition of a capital gain (by cracking down on "collapsible corporations," for example), by revising the formula for oil-depletion and other natural resource allowances, and by abolishing the exemption for state and local government bond interest, we could add at least $4 billion to the tax base, and about $1 billion

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to the tax yield. Putting strict limits on expense accounts might add several billion more dollars to the base.

Joseph A. Pechman of the Committee for Economic Development has estimated that by tightening up on all types of deductions, exclusions, and credits and by removing the split-income provision for married couples, we could increase the tax base by a full third, or $40 billion. We could thus get the present tax yield with tax rates one-third lower (that is, a set of rates from 13 to 61 per cent instead of 20 to 91 per cent); or we could retain the present rates and spend the $10 billion of added revenue for needed social services; or we could raise personal exemptions and readjust the rates in favor of lower-income families.

A second line of action on the Federal level is to place corporate income on the same basis as personal income. A major aim of the corporate income tax has been to prevent the use of the corporation as a tax-free avenue to the accumulation of personal wealth. Most capital gains (which are taxed at a long-term rate of 25 per cent) arise out of stock transactions, so this avenue is still being used. (Indeed, to pursue the metaphor, it is the scene of a veritable traffic-jam.) However, if all corporate income were made subject to personal rates and the corporate income tax abolished, the tax system would be both simpler and more equalizing. It would be more equalizing because the progressive rates of the personal income tax would be applied, instead of the flat 25 per cent capital-gains rate and the 52 per cent rate at which the major corporations are taxed. This change would mean tax relief for the low-income stockholder, because the first personal-income bracket is only 20 per cent; it would mean higher rates of taxation for the big stockholders, who are (as we have seen) concentrated in the top one per cent of the population.

One way of bringing this about would be to compel or induce corporations to pay out all profits to the stockholders (in theory, the owners). This was tried out in the so-called undistributed profits tax of 1936, and repealed during the recession of the following year. Corporations objected to this law because of its limitation on re-investing profits; under its provisions, companies could expand only by selling new stocks or bonds. Any new law on this principle would have to take this objection into account. However, there are other ways of achieving the same object. One could subject corporate earnings to personal rates by taxing stockholders on the basis of their share of corporate earnings, whether or not these earnings are distributed. A subsidiary consequence of such a reform might be to restore to the stockholders some measure of control over the price, profit, and expansion policies of the large corporations.

A third area of Federal taxes, on estates, gifts, and inheritances, cries for reform. As with the personal income tax, the problem in this area is not so much the rates but the erosion of the base. The rates schedule itself is impressively progressive; marginal rates run up to 77 per cent on the Federal estate tax. But at present this tax collects only about 10 per cent of the aggregate gross estate of those decedents with estates worth over $60,000. A foresighted taxpayer may avoid the progressive rates by timely gifts. Moreover, the 1948 tax revision permitted married taxpayers to split the base for both estate and gift taxes.

Beyond this, the use of personal trust funds, insurance, and charitable contributions to avoid taxation has become a high art. Through personal trust funds, one may avoid death taxes through several generations, while at the same time keeping income from the property in the family. Life insurance and gifts of life insurance enable one to avoid many uncomfortable consequences of estate taxation. Charitable contributions to foundations help people to keep control of the assets of an estate even though some measure of income must be sacrificed. (The assignment of non-voting stock to the Ford Foundation enabled the Ford family to maintain control of the Ford Motor Company.)

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It is probably fair to say that in no other area of taxation are we now falling so far short of the intentions of the earlier generation of liberals as in this field of estate, gift, and inheritance taxes. Reform in this field calls for some integration of the death and gift taxes, as well as limitations on the use of trust funds to avoid taxes. Also, it would be desirable to make capital gains realized at time of death, or on the occasion of making a gift, liable to personal income tax.

These are the three areas of Federal tax reform which would be most productive as well as equalizing. But there are many other individual taxes from which more progressive effects could be achieved. For example, social security taxes could be made less regressive if, instead of raising the rates, we increased the amount of income subject to the tax. At present, the Old Age, Survivors, and Disability Insurance contributions are calculated on the first $4,800 of income. This might be raised gradually to the first $10,000 of income, thus keeping rates at their present level for the lower-income wage-earners.

At the state and local level, the big struggle must be to reduce the regressive features of existing tax systems. Many states do not have personal income taxes or corporation taxes at all, and among those that do the rates are only faintly progressive. Ironically enough, the regressive effects of state and local taxes are multiplied because such taxes can be deducted in figuring Federal income tax; the higher the income, the more relief these state and local deductions afford from Federal tax.

From a political standpoint, it would be unrealistic to expect state or local governments to show much interest in trying to reduce inequality of incomes through taxation; the interstate and interurban rivalry for the location of industry makes state legislatures and city councils wary of antagonizing business interests through taxation. Nevertheless, it should be possible to provide state and local public services without grinding the face of the poor through heavy reliance on sales taxes. The burden of the lower-income families could be lightened by two steps: abolition of sales taxes on food, which are now levied in a number of states, and substitution of personal income taxes (even flat-rate income taxes) for retail sales taxes, excises, business gross income taxes, taxes on property, and "charges" for the use of public services.

Such a program would err if it assumed that very great new revenues could thus be secured from the very rich. The total pre-tax income of those receiving more than $25,000 a year—the top one per cent of the people—is less than 10 per cent of all income, and their wealth is only a fourth of all personally held wealth. Since taxation has been absorbing nearly a third of all personal income in the last decade, the other 99 per cent of the population cannot possibly, even if that were desirable, be relieved of all taxation. The tax burden can, however, be substantially reduced for the lowest 20 per cent of families, who earn less than $2,200 a year, and perhaps lightened to some extent, too, for the lowest 60 per cent, who earn less than $5,120.

A dynamic capitalism will be refreshed, political democracy will be promoted, and the quality of civilization encouraged by a tax system which narrows the economic differences between the rich and the poor, and which assures the easy upward mobility which has characterized the America of past generations. An equalizing tax system is needed as part of a larger social policy which insists on the continual re-examination of the justification and functional necessity for every kind of inequality. As R. H. Tawney put it, the aim is to eliminate "capricious inequality and irresponsible power" and to overcome "a religion of inequality" which reveres, almost as ends in themselves, social arrangements designed to provide dif ferential opportunities. America can reaffirm and accomplish, if she will, the purposes of the generation which, fifty years ago, committed us to progressive taxation.

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PAUL AND JEWISH THEOLOGY

A New View of the Christian Apostle

JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI

IN THE whole history of the Christian Church there is probably no more fascinating and controversial figure than that of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Saul of Tarsus, who was a Jew, became Paul, the Apostle of Jesus: the man most responsible for the spread of Christianity among the Gentiles, and for the rupture that divided Synagogue and Church. The same man who laid the theoretical foundations for Christian antinomianism, for the Christian rejection of the Jewish law, is also reported to have been a student of Rabban Gamaliel, a "Pharisee of the Pharisees." Indeed, there is reason to believe that Paul, in his personal practice, remained an observant Jew to the end of his life. And—on the face of it an even greater paradox—Paul used the Torah itself to "prove" the "end of the Law."

The facts about Paul to be gleaned from a superficial reading of the New Testament are straightforward enough. The Diaspora Jew, Saul of Tarsus, had come to Jerusalem to study the Torah. Soon he was a Pharisee of the strictest kind, zealous for the observance of the Law, and intolerant toward all deviationists. There is even a suggestion that he took part in the stoning of Stephen, the first Hellenistic-Jewish martyr of the young Church. Afterward he set off for Damascus as an emissary of the Jerusalem authorities, with the intention of inhibiting the Christian congregation there. But on the road to Damascus he had a vision of Jesus, saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

This was the turning point in his life. He continued his journey to Damascus—but no longer as a persecutor of the Church. He became its most fiery apostle, Paul. And he turned his attention to the making of Gentile converts exempted from the observance of the Jewish Law. Prior to Paul's preaching, becoming a Christian meant becoming a Law-abiding Jew who believed in Jesus as the Messiah; but now, according to Paul, one could become a Christian "believer" without, at the same time, being a practicing Jew. This novel approach seems to have involved Paul in a number of conflicts with the Jerusalem Church authorities, particularly with those who treasured the memory of their personal associations with Jesus and looked down upon this newcomer who had not even known Jesus personally. However, a compromise seems to have been reached. Paul was entrusted with the mission to the Gentiles, who thenceforth were not required to submit to the whole of the Jewish Law; meanwhile, the native Jewish Christians continued to be faithful to the Law of Moses. By and large, despite some inconsistencies and contradictions, this compromise appears to have worked out quite well.

In his missionary activities throughout the Mediterranean world, however, Paul was constantly dogged by "Judaizers"—by Christians, that is to say, who urged that Paul's converts fully observe the Law. Against them—and here was Paul's most original contribution to the new faith—he maintained that, if salvation is through the Law, then Jesus had died in vain. The Law, he said, was merely a "schoolmaster leading unto Christ." Its purpose was to bring man to the realization that, since all men are sinners, no man can be "justified" before God on the basis of his deeds. Because of man's "weakness of

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the flesh," even his best intentions must come to grief. Therefore, the great debt that man owes God could not possibly be paid by means of imperfect deeds, but only through the self-sacrifice of God's own son who, as it were, took upon himself the "curse" of the Law on behalf of all men. It is faith in the Christ which reconciles us to God, Paul argued, and not the works of the Law. For a convert to Christianity, therefore, to accept circumcision—and, with it, the full yoke of the Law—would be tantamount to rejecting the saving act of the Christ. (How this affected the native *Jewish* believer in Jesus was not quite clear. In his own practice, Paul seems to have been far from completely emancipated from the demands of the Law.)

Paul evinced hardly any interest in the actual life and teachings of the historical Jesus of Nazareth. The "Christ" of whom he speaks is a divine being, whose death and resurrection are the crucial acts in the drama of salvation. The Jews, having rejected the Christ, have, in turn, been rejected by God—but not irrevocably so. The Church that Paul conceived was a Church of Gentiles *and* Jews—the "Israel of God," or the "Israel of the spirit," in contrast to the non-believing Jews or the "Israel of the flesh." But even the latter, Paul believed, would, by virtue of the Messianic process, be cured of their blindness, and become again part of the "Israel of God."

In assessing Paul's historic role, scholars have been much troubled by the doubts surrounding the sources that tell us about him. How many of the Epistles traditionally attributed to him are genuine? How much credence can be given to the Book of Acts, which clearly reflects an early Christian attempt at "harmonizing" conflicting interpretations within the Church? How much of Paul's thinking had its roots in his Hellenistic-Jewish background and how much in the pagan Hellenistic world in which the Jewish community was situated? How much of Paul's thinking was influenced by his rabbinic training, if indeed he had any such training? What was Paul's relation to the so-called Judeo-Christian faction, and what do we really know about that faction? How much, indeed, do we know about the teachings of the Pharisees at the time of Paul?

In the light of all these perplexing questions of historical scholarship, it is not surprising that a tremendous literature on Paul has grown up in the last hundred years or so. The so-called Tübingen School of German scholars in the last century made much of the differences—glossed over, but not altogether obliterated, in the New Testament—between the teachings of the original disciples of Jesus and the doctrines of Paul. In true Hegelian fashion, members of this school depicted the rise of the Catholic Church as a dialectic process: thesis (Judeo-Christianity), antithesis (Paulinism), synthesis (the Church).

Other scholars have suggested that Paul was indebted to the mystery cults and to the form of dualism known as Gnosticism. Paul's doctrine of the Savior has often been traced back to the mystery religions of the Hellenistic world, as have the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, which Paul stressed. (The similarity of these two sacraments to pagan rites was, indeed, recognized by the early Church Fathers.) A subject of continuing debate is the matter of Paul's rabbinic training, which has been vigorously asserted by a number of scholars. Some of these apparently were motivated by their wish to saddle Rabbinic Judaism with the fanaticism and intolerance for which Paul was famous. Others have been struck by the parallels between certain rabbinic methods of Scripture exegesis and Paul's manner of handling the Biblical text. On the other hand, there are scholars who point out just as vigorously that Paul quotes the Greek Bible, rather than the Hebrew Scriptures, and that he shows himself blatantly ignorant of some central doctrines of Rabbinic Judaism (such as the one about repentance). The resolution of this particular problem is complicated by the fact that the *written* sources of Pharisaic Rabbinic Judaism are *later* than Paul; nor is there as yet any

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unanimity among scholars about the precise nature of Judaism in the Hellenistic areas of the Roman world and its relation to the teachings of the sages in Palestine.

HANS-JOACHIM SCHOEPS in his recent book* cites no less than 338 modern writers who have dealt in one form or another with these areas of scholarly controversy. But he moves on from an excellent 42-page summary of the present state of Pauline studies to his own view of Paul's thought and its relation to Jewish theology.

Dr. Schoeps is a professor of *Religions- und Geistesgeschichte* (roughly: the history of religion and ideas) at the University of Erlangen in Germany, who previously contributed a number of important studies on the history of early Christianity. In these studies he concentrated on reconstructing the history of the Judeo-Christian segment of early Christianity, which was by-passed in the evolution of what was to become the Catholic Church. He paid particular attention to the so-called Clementine literature, a collection of various pseudepigraphical writings circulated in the early Church; within this literature, Schoeps attempted to isolate the original Judeo-Christian—and highly anti-Pauline—components. Though Schoeps never descends from the level of scholarly objectivity, one occasionally senses in his writings a high degree of empathy with the Judeo-Christians. Schoeps himself is a believing Jew, and in an article he contributed to this magazine some years ago,† he shows his indebtedness to the teachings of Franz Rosenzweig.

The present work on Paul was actually begun twenty years ago, before Schoeps had embarked on his detailed studies of the Jewish Christians. But in the light of these studies, and his own new understanding of the positions against which Paul had to argue, he rewrote the book completely.

Schoeps now addresses himself to several related questions: What was there in Judaism that could have furnished Paul with the ingredients of his system? How were Paul's teachings received by his Christian contemporaries and successors? How did Judaism react to them—either by way of direct polemics, or by formulating its own "counter-positions"? Schoeps comes to the conclusion that, with one decisive exception, the elements that went into the making of Paul's theology were all Jewish elements. Paul was led out of the bounds of Judaism by the un-Jewish manner in which he regrouped these elements of his thought.

For example, the doctrine of vicarious suffering—the idea that the righteous suffer for the sake of the wicked in their generation—is a well-authenticated rabbinic doctrine. The merit of Isaac, bound on the altar on Moriah, is often invoked in Jewish liturgy. Rabbinic Judaism even knows of a dying (but not suffering) Messiah, as well as of a suffering (but not dying) one. According to Schoeps, Paul availed himself of all these ideas. Yet the particular configuration which these ideas assumed in Paul's thinking led to a soteriology, a doctrine of a Savior, which Judaism could not accept—especially since Paul added one element which was not to be found in any Jewish source: the doctrine of the God-Man. This latter, says Schoeps, does not come even from the Hellenistic branches of Judaism, but from pagan Hellenism pure and simple.

"God-Men," as intermediaries between deity and mankind, were nothing unusual in the world of antiquity. In Imperial Rome it was customary to claim divine paternity, and the cultic legends—especially those of Egypt dealing with Isis, Osiris, Attis, etc.—may well have furnished the pattern. But the notion of intermediaries remained completely unacceptable to Judaism in any of its manifestations, the Hellenistic as well as the Palestinian. Indeed, the Greek Bible is on occasion even more explicit in its rejection of intermediaries than the Hebrew. Isaiah 63:9, for example, which in the Hebrew reads, "In all their afflictions He was

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**Paulus-Die Theologie des Apostele im Lichte der jüdischen Religionsgeschichte* (J. C. B. Mohr—Paul Siebeck), 324 pp.

†"How Live by Jewish Law Today?" (January 1953)—ED.

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afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them . . ." is rendered in the Greek as: "Not an ambassador, nor a messenger, but He Himself saved them. . . ." In Justin Martyr's *Dialogue with Trypho,* the Hellenistic Jew, Trypho, is most antagonistic to the doctrine of the divine nature of the Christ. Such evidence makes it unlikely that, as has been argued, the doctrine of the "God-Man," was received more sympathetically among the Hellenistic Jews than in Palestine.

On the question of the Jewish sources of Paul's thought, Schoeps does not side with any one of the modern schools, each of which would derive everything from one single source: either from Jewish Hellenism, or from apocalyptic Judaism, or from Pharisaic Judaism. He presents, instead, a Paul nurtured by all of these sources. Thus, Paul's notion of the Law as a more or less mechanical vehicle by which man achieves "justification" before God (rather than as a living sign of the Covenant between God and Israel) is clearly an idea of Hellenistic-Jewish vintage; it is foreshadowed both in the Septuagint Bible and in the writing of the Alexandrian philosopher Philo Judaeus. On the other hand, the idea that the Law is no longer operative in the Messianic Age stems from Rabbinic Judaism; Schoeps succeeds in demonstrating the perfect *halachic* (legal-exegetical) logic inherent in Paul's view that the Law had to be rejected in the Messianic Age. The cogency of Paul's argument would have had to be granted by the rabbis—provided they had accepted Paul's basic premise: that the Messiah had, in fact, already come. This, of course, they neither did, nor could, accept. However, in the 17th century, when the followers of Sabbatai Zevi saw in him the Messiah, they, too—without any Christian and Paulinian influence—celebrated the advent of their Messiah to the accompaniment of antinomian excesses.

Schoeps's marshaling of rabbinic materials —both as possible sources for Pauline thinking and as illustrations for the Jewish "counter-position"—is impressive, but, unfortunately, not always convincing. Much of Schoeps's evidence rests on the assumption that rabbinic material, found in written form at a later time, was already extant orally in the days of Paul. To a certain degree such an assumption is justified, but one must proceed on it with a caution which is not always exercised in this book. Consider for example, Schoeps's treatment of the Binding of Isaac. His contention is that the rabbinic views of the Binding of Isaac helped to shape Paul's doctrine of Jesus' sacrificial death.

It is true, as Schoeps points out, that, though the intended sacrifice of Isaac was never consummated, rabbinic literature treats the Binding of Isaac *as if* it had actually led to the sacrifice. We read in the Midrash that the ashes of Isaac rise up on the altar and make intercession on behalf of Israel. We also read that the merit of Isaac was responsible for the dividing of the Red Sea; and it is by Isaac's merit, too, that the dead will ultimately be resurrected. These and many similar statements from rabbinic literature Schoeps had already listed in a previous work, *Aus Frühchristlicher Zeit* (1950). What may be questioned, however, is whether any of this material antedates Paul, or whether it does not, in fact, represent some kind of Jewish reaction to that very concept, introduced into Christianity by Paul, of the sacrificial death of Jesus. The Binding of Isaac for the Jew would thus have become, *mutatis mutandis,* the Jewish counterpart to the Christian Calvary.

This speculation is strengthened by Schoeps's treatment of the Jewish liturgical references to the Binding of Isaac. One of these, which he stresses particularly, occurs in the central section of the New Year's liturgy, called *zikhronot.* Because the *zikhronot* section is mentioned in the Mishnah (compiled about 200 C.E.), Schoeps assumes that the prayer must have been known to the Apostle Paul. Even if we grant this assumption, the conclusions Schoeps draws from it do not necessarily follow.

When the Mishnah speaks of *zikhronot,* the reference is to the collection of Scripture verses which speak of God's "remembering."

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(The selection of these verses, incidentally, was still in a state of flux in the days of the Mishnah.) The Mishnah's reference to *zikhronot*, however, does not include the framework of prayers which surrounds the Scripture verses in the latter-day Jewish liturgy. And these prayers are traditionally attributed to Rabh, a 3rd-century Babylonian teacher. Moreover, the very reference to the Binding of Isaac ("O remember the Binding of Isaac this day in mercy to his seed"), which is crucial to Schoeps's argument, is, according to such an expert as the late Professor Ismar Elbogen, a later gloss even on Rabh's prayer!

Still, it is possible that Paul was influenced by rabbinic views on the Binding of Isaac, although, as I have pointed out, it might with equal logic be argued that many such views, together with their liturgical formulations, represent a Jewish reaction to the very doctrine taught by Paul. It is, at any rate, a fact that many of the texts adduced as evidence by Schoeps are chronologically too late to justify his position.

NEVERTHELESS, the major concern of Schoeps's book is the Apostle Paul himself, rather than the possible sources from which he derived his training. It is here that Schoeps provides an emphasis all his own. The turning point in the life of Paul, according to his own testimony, was the revelatory experience "on the road to Damascus," and we cannot understand either Paul or his thinking without taking that experience into account.

Paul was a zealot. Schoeps mentions the plausibility of the view (there can be no proof for it) that Paul, prior to his conversion, was a missionary preaching circumcision (and with it complete acceptance of the "yoke of the Torah") to the "fearers of the Lord"—those Gentiles who, dissatisfied with paganism, had already attached themselves to the synagogues of the Diaspora without making an ultimate commitment to Judaism. Paul himself speaks of his having taken a part in the persecution of Christians. All this was to change radically after Paul's experience on the road to Damascus. But can a modern scholar take that "experience" seriously? There is no dearth of literature offering medical, psychological, or even psychoanalytical explanations for his revelation, but the tendency of all such explanations is to explain it away.

Schoeps, on the other hand, is prepared to accept Paul's subjective experience. Says he: "Of a theologian it is to be presupposed that he seeks to make his existence 'contemporary' with that of Paul . . . believes with Paul in his vision of the Son of God resurrected. Of the historian of religion it is to be expected that he recognize Paul's faith in his vision of the Son of God when he encountered the crucified and translated Jesus of Nazareth. The historian should, in other words, believe in the reality of Paul's belief. If he fails to do so . . . he will, foolishly, fail in the comprehension of an event which made history and which, according to Christian belief, is itself sacred history."

In other words, Schoeps has taken Paul seriously, even where, as Schoeps points out, the Church itself has consistently misunderstood the great Apostle. This the Church had to do, because, in the first place, Paul's polemic against the Law makes sense only to those who live under the Law—and not to pagans who became Christians. In the second place, Paul's entire thinking, according to Schoeps, was dominated by the conviction that the Days of the Messiah had already begun, to be followed very shortly by the onset, with the Second Coming of Christ, of the *'olam habba*, the "World to Come." This did not happen, however, and the Church had to make provision for a much longer duration of the present stage in the divine economy. So much so that, in some early Christian sources, Jesus and Paul appear as being merely re-interpreters and reformers of the law of Moses.

Actually, in the whole history of the Church, there were only two men who understood the full implications of the Pauline position; and even they could not have enlisted the Apostle's wholehearted approval.

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One was the 2nd-century Gnostic Marcion. According to him, the Christian Gospel was wholly a Gospel of Love—to the absolute exclusion of the Law. He rejected the "Old Testament" completely. Its Creator God was to him only the God of Law, who had nothing in common with the God of Jesus Christ. This Jewish God constantly involved Himself in contradictions, and was fickle, ignorant, and despotic. Utterly different, in Marcion's view, was the Supreme God whom Jesus came to reveal. His very purpose was to overthrow the Creator God. According to Marcion, it was Paul alone who understood this contrast between Law and Spirit; the Twelve Apostles were blinded to the truth by the remnants of Jewish influence. Of all the Gospels, Marcion accepted only that of Luke, and even so he prepared an expurgated version of it, omitting all "Jewish" passages. Paul himself, however, would never have countenanced the severance of the New Testament from the Old, or of the God of the one from the God of the other.

The second man who understood Paul was Martin Luther in the 16th century. "Faith alone justifies *[sola fide],*" he taught, "without works." But, while Paul struggled with Judaism and Hellenism, Luther, fifteen centuries later, had to combat Romanism and Humanism. Thus there was considerable difference in the doctrines of "justification" which the two men elaborated. Moreover, Paul's rejection of "justification through works" has to be understood within the context of his belief in the imminence of the Second Coming, an expectation which Luther no longer shared.

YET the original incisive formulation of Pauline theology remains one to be reckoned with by Christian and Jew alike. The post-Emancipation Jew particularly is called upon to respond to the challenge of the Pauline position—his dichotomy between "faith" and "works," and his insistence on an "either/or" choice between them.

When Paul formulated these views, he was not, according to Schoeps, giving a realistic appraisal of the Jewish position of his time, or at any rate of that of Palestinian Pharisaism; both it and the New Testament "Epistle of James" insisted on "both," and could not imagine the one without the other. But there is, according to Schoeps, a level on which Paul's challenge can be retranslated into a meaningful contemporary Jewish terminology. Talmudic and medieval Judaism tended to identify the Covenant with the detailed provisions of the Law. This is a position liberal Judaism no longer maintains. With Franz Rosenzweig, Schoeps insists that the Covenant comes before the Law, that the acceptance of the Covenant is a prerequisite for the acceptance of the commandments. It is here that Paul's stress on "faith" becomes relevant (*with a difference*) to the modern Jew. "Only modern Judaism," Schoeps argues, "can again bring a proper understanding to Paul's concern, and thus know again about the Pauline tension between the works of the Law and faith. But it can know about it especially when it stands up to the strain of the tension, and does not, together with Paul, resolve the tension prematurely by excluding one of the two poles. The Jewish resolution of the tension does not come from Christ, but by relating both poles to God. The Jewish answer is the faith of Israel in God as the Creator of the World, the Revealer of the Torah, and the Redeemer of Israel and the whole of mankind—as the basis for the works of the Law. This faith comes *before* the carrying out of the commandments . . ."

By virtue of his just presentation of the Jewish and the Judeo-Christian "counterpositions," as well as his objective discussion of the *theological* import of Paul's teaching, and the permanent challenge it presents, Professor Schoeps has written a book on Paul which is different, and considerably more than a mere rehash of the conventional treatments by the "historical school." Notwithstanding the criticism which can be made of his use of some Jewish sources, this book is a mine of information to Jewish and Christian readers about Paul's position in early Christianity, his doctrine of the Law and his concept of redemptive history.

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GRADUATION

A Story

JOSEPH PAPALEO

SOMETHING had happened to the river, perhaps when the city had taken it for sewage. The green banks had worn down and been washed away to wherever it was the river went, away like the 19th century Miss Rafferty told them about. No boats with striped umbrellas went by carrying the Dutch: only the waste of the people in the new apartment houses floated on the slow tide.

John looked back once at the school on the hill. The building seemed to be moving while the moving clouds stood still. He was dizzy again and his face and ears felt hot. It was like the feeling in class when Miss Rafferty announced his name with Ferdinand's, and the class clapped.

He ran for home, to leave his books and tell his mother about the library.

"What is it?" she said as he ran into the kitchen. "No kiss?"

"Me and Ferdinand have to go to the library."

"Oh no," his mother said, and ran to block the kitchen doorway. "No *viaggiando!*"

The library was beyond the two blocks of Lorin Place, and Mrs. Mauro could not see it from her vantage at the front porch.

"It's important!" John shouted. "It's for graduation. We were picked to do the tapestries. It's honor!"

Mrs. Mauro came back to the table and looked down at her son's hair. "What is it? *Che cosa fai?*" She said softly.

"Me and Ferdinand were voted the best drawers. The 8B's are doing history of the North Bronx. We get to copy the tapestries. Did you know the Dutch people on Gun Hill Road?"

Mrs. Mauro touched John's hair. "Then eat something," she said. "Take my jelly. I got your American bread."

She shook her head as she handled the soft bread, but still she smiled. John's distinction had cancelled her hatred of the absorbent cotton, as she called the bread.

He ate his jelly and bread and left.

That was all Mrs. Mauro heard until graduation morning when her oldest son, Victor, drove her and her husband to the auditorium in the Buick.

She smiled during the entertainment although she understood few of the words. Most of the Italian parents did not understand, but the sixth and seventh grades performed skits (Tom Sawyer painting the fence, Huck and Jim on the raft, Grace Drew at the state fair).

When the eighth-grade pageant on the North Bronx settlers ended, Miss Rafferty announced John and Ferdinand, who walked up the aisle holding their pictures.

Vic waited at the gate after the ceremony. "Come on, artist," he said, and led John to the Buick.

"You kept this secret from me," Mr. Mauro said to John from the back seat. "Two can play with this."

Mrs. Mauro laughed to show John that the words were a joke. Vic drove them back to Lorin Place, to the kitchen where Reni and Edith were preparing lunch, trying to act as nervous and busy as Mrs. Mauro. She had given her daughters charge of the preparations for this day, one day.

"How do you like this kid," Victor said as he walked in. He was leading, holding

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THIS is the second story by JOSEPH PAPALEO we have published; the first, "The Kidnap," appeared in our May 1955 number. Mr. Papaleo, who teaches English at Fieldston High School in Riverdale, was born in New York City and has studied at the University of Florence.

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the tapestry aloft. He smiled at Aunt Ida, who had come from Astoria, and was seated between her two daughters, Grace and Stella.

"This kid did this," Victor continued, slapping the picture. "What do you say, Uncle?" (Uncle Paul, the lawyer, was Mrs. Mauro's brother.)

"That's a nice picture," Uncle Paul said. "Is that some of your art work, Johnny?"

John stood at the end of the long table, facing everyone. "It's a copy of a Dutch tapestry. That was here in the Bronx. Our class—"

But Mr. and Mrs. Mauro were too anxious to speak, to recreate the scene of honor. Mrs. Mauro began abruptly—only two boys, the other an American boy, she explained, out of the whole class—that was the crux of the honor. And John the best.

"*La storia,*" Mrs. Mauro concluded, "*la storia del* Bronx."

"In the 19th century," John began, "the Dutch settlers had a tapestry plant down near Gun Hill Road. There were Dutch and French—"

Mr. Mauro placed his hands on John's shoulders. John stopped. He knew it was time for the gift because his father could never wait until the meal was over.

He took the small package. By the size of it, he knew it would be a pen. *To the graduate,* the card read, *auguri e bacioni.* John knew that the card had been written by his father because of the word *bacioni,* which his mother once said was a dialect word of Calabrians, who were all mountain farmers. She was from Naples.

"Write with it," Mr. Mauro said. "It has ink."

"Not now, Pa," Edith said, "I'm setting the table."

But her father persisted and got a sheet of his office stationery from the living-room desk. John drew a few lines.

"Press. Press as hard as you wish," his father said.

"Go ahead," Victor said, smiling with the secret.

John pressed harder and drew thicker lines. The pen cut into the paper resting on the linen tablecloth.

"Press, press anyway," his father said.

Aunt Ida, who had been slicing provolone and was eating a good deal of it, began to giggle. She enjoyed watching uncomfortable moments. The older members of the family enjoyed her uncontrollable laughter and her crooked front teeth, which seemed to shake in her mouth as she laughed, but Grace and Stella never reacted. They were very silent girls, who went along on all the visits, but never laughed.

"It's a special point," Victor explained, turning to the table sitters. "It never separates, no matter how hard you press."

Aunt Ida nodded, but her teeth still showed.

MRS. MAURO grasped the tapestry and held it aloft once more. She showed it to Aunt Ida. When Aunt Ida reached a cheese-stained hand for it, Mrs. Mauro drew it away.

"A toast!" Uncle Paul shouted, and laughed. Mr. Mauro rushed inside for the vermouth and the special glasses.

"Sit down," Uncle Paul said quietly to John. He put his hand over John's and whispered to him, "Say to yourself, they all love me, they love me. Five hundred times."

"What is this?" Mrs. Mauro caught her brother. John was smiling.

"Corruption! *Filosofia!*" Paul shouted and laughed at her. *Filosofia* was the modern sin, and Mrs. Mauro knew this. Everyone knew that handsome Paul read the anarchist paper that was sent from Sicily, and never went to church.

Her husband rushed in with the yellow vermouth and began filling the shining triangular glasses. Reni helped him serve. "To the artist, to the artist," he said, and clicked his glass with John's. "Everyone touch for *buona fortuna,*" he said.

His wife still stared at Paul. Mr. Mauro sat at his seat, giving the signal for the meal to begin.

When the coffee came, John asked if he

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might go, but his mother looked at him sadly. The bell rang before she could speak. It was Mr. and Mrs. Mimmo, from next door.

"Ben venuto!" Mr. Mimmo shouted and stamped his foot. "Aha!" Mr. Mauro answered, and motioned entrance. Mr. Mimmo used the phrase *"ben venuto"*—"welcome" or "happy that you have arrived"—for all high occasions. It was an echo of himself, of his own good coming to the Bronx and a house of his own after ten years in the downtown tenements.

His wife, just behind him, was a waddling record of his growing success. Each year Mrs. Mimmo was pinned or braceleted or ringed with another decoration. Her silk print dresses held ruby and diamond pins, her fingers groups of rings, her bulging wrists bracelets bought when the wrists were lither.

Mr. Mauro stood up as they walked toward him. He exclaimed in surprise and delight at Mr. Mimmo's gift.

"This wine," he said to John, "is for your day. Kiss Signor Mimmo."

John obeyed and then, without being told, went to Mrs. Mimmo. *"Carino,"* she said, and rubbed his cheeks with her hands.

"Look," Mrs. Mauro said, holding up the tapestry. "This was made by Johnny. Chosen *specialmente* to do this."

Mrs. Mimmo rubbed John's cheeks some more, giving them occasional pinches. "Nice work," her husband said for her. "We have an *artista.*"

"Carino, carino," Mrs. Mimmo cooed again, and stroked John. Then she remembered something. "Now maybe the Irish will not talk so much of wop and guinea."

Her hands stopped on John's cheeks. All the adults turned toward the window. Beyond the garden stood the gray wall of Foley's house. Foley was the last Irishman in the neighborhood; he had not sold his house and moved to Mount Vernon as the others had on the swollen sums they charged the advancing Italians. Foley had been left to mock.

Mrs. Mimmo held the tapestry before the window. *"Bella, bella,"* she said. Then to the window facing Foley, in Italian, "Blind yourself on this. Blind yourself."

The table grumbled in accord, all except Paul. Mrs. Mimmo turned back and began to praise the tapestry for all to hear. Aunt Ida became uncomfortable—not sure now that all this praise did not deprecate the position of her daughters, who tap-danced very well.

"You tell us something about the picture, Johnny," Paul said. "Go ahead."

Everyone smiled. "The picture?" John said. "It represents a tapestry of the early Dutch settlers who lived near Gun Hill Road on the Bronx River. They had—"

"Ah, you know your history," Mr. Mimmo said. "Remember, Giovanni, the history is the most important. The study of great men. What is the story here in this picture? Is this a great battle?"

"It represents the French knight, Roland, defeating the infidels. It was executed in 1840."

"Here I must stop you," Mr. Mimmo said, and smiled to Mr. Mauro, who nodded respectfully. Aunt Ida looked up hopefully, and Victor clenched his fists.

"This is Orlando," Mr. Mimmo said to all. "A great *Italian* knight. Orlando. Orlando Furioso, Orlando who captured the *Morgante*. One thing I know. Orlando is Italian knight."

"But this is Roland," John said. "The book says that. My friend and me studied it at the library."

"Tell your friend and tell your teachers," Mr. Mimmo said, looking at Uncle Paul, "this is Orlando, who fought with his back to the cliff the army of the Saracen. In Calabria. The home of your father and me."

Mr. Mauro nodded.

John looked toward his mother. "Maybe this is American word," she said pleasantly. "The story is changed for American words."

"Then the story is wrong. The teacher is wrong. America is wrong," Mr. Mimmo said. "Orlando is Orlando. The true name does not change."

He nodded to Mr. Mauro, who joined

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him in an angry stare. They were thinking of Dr. Russo, who was now legally Dr. Rust.

JOHN had edged his way to the kitchen door and was making faces at the adults. Uncle Paul caught him and smiled. "Five hundred times, John. Remember. I love their hard Calabrian heads."

"*Paolo,*" Mrs. Mauro said, and Paul was quiet. She was sure that Calabrians were unable to tolerate levity at such moments, though she understood her brother.

Mr. Mimmo continued, turning back to John. "Tell your teachers that the name of great men you cannot change. Italian names you can say more simple than American. Orlando. Or—lan—do. Say that."

John did not speak. Mr. Mimmo went on. He doubted that there were ever tapestry-makers in the Bronx. Where had they gone? Where were the excavations? Being in the construction business, he could identify even the oldest ruins.

"Is Jenny coming?" John asked suddenly, and Mr. Mimmo stopped.

"In the back yard," Mrs. Mimmo answered, and her face seemed struck by some harsh force. She looked at her husband, but he had turned his face to the floor, his lips touched by some sourness.

"Maybe she comes later," Mrs. Mimmo said. Her husband's lips, twisting but unsuccessful, were trying to expel the taste.

John left the silence of the room. At the end of the hall, his mother's voice called out, "Don't take off the suit. Padre Grasso is coming."

He continued up the steps. In the darkness of the upper landing he looked down and made his faces, with his tongue out. Then he backed into his room.

A sketch pad lay open on his desk catching some afternoon light allowed through the alley between the walls of the Mauro and Mimmo houses.

He drew a knight, but had trouble doing the feet. On the tapestry he had covered the feet with the big stirrups of the knight's horse.

A voice called in the alley. "Johnnay Johnnay!" John opened the window and looked down at Jenny Mimmo. "My mother, father there?" she said.

"What do you think. They're downstairs," he said.

"Don't you get no cake? You locked in for graduation?"

"No. I just came up a minute. To rest."

"I heard you made a masterpiss," Jenny said. "Where's your masterpiss?"

"Shut it," John said, "they'll hear you."

Jenny leaned against the sandy red shingles of her house. "My neck hurts looking up. Go make another masterpiss. I'll see you later."

John took a gum eraser from the desk top and broke off pieces, which he dropped on Jenny. She did not move as the chips struck her curly black hair. She stood smiling, her eyes squinting at the opposite wall.

"Master Piss!" she shouted, "Master Piss!"

John shut the window; his mother's voice was calling. He went out to the landing. The quiet voices in the silence meant that Father Grasso had come.

He saw Mrs. Mimmo first as he entered the parlor. She was holding her hands carefully on her lap and sitting erect in her chair. Next to her Mr. Mimmo looked a little worn, his dry complexion dusty, as though plaster had been falling on him from somewhere. Uncle Paul and Aunt Ida were not there.

"Get the picture," his mother said after he had greeted Father Grasso. "In the kitchen."

John brought it in, holding the tips of the upper edges as Miss Rafferty had shown him.

"Ver' nice," Padre Grasso said. "Such good colors." He smiled toward Mrs. Mauro, then Mr. Mauro.

"*La storia del* Bronx," Mrs. Mauro told the father, and took the picture from John.

"It shows Orlando Furioso," Mr. Mimmo said quietly.

"*Una tapestria,*" Mrs. Mauro said, passing the picture to Padre Grasso.

"Aha!" Padre Grasso was pleased, and showed his hands in a mimicry of a blessing.

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"Nice. Defender of the faith. I did not think they allow in public school, which is *Protestante.*"

"My friend Ferdinand is Lutheran," John said in the strange silence. "He goes to Redeemer Lutheran, on Barnes Avenue."

Padre Grasso gave him a smile for children, unreal. If they were going to inherit the earth here, it would be without a knowledge of Italian but with an excellent memory of the addresses of Protestant churches.

"'Ave you seen inside this church?" Padre Grasso asked.

"No, Father," John said, and lowered his head.

"Come, come," Padre Grasso said, "tell me of this picture. What is the tapestry?"

Mrs. Mauro reached for John, to restrain him. But her girdle held her down in the soft armchair. "It is the *epoca* of Orlando Furioso," she said to Padre Grasso. "He was chosen, the only one to make this."

"Ver' nice," Padre Grasso said. "You must get a nice frame. Put it up." He pointed to the bare blue wall.

"It's not that good," John said. "It's just a crayon sketch. I did an oil painting of the old men playing *boccie.*"

"What old men!" Mrs. Mauro said. She reached out her arms again. "Yes. A *gold* frame."

"You must hang the picture, Giovanni," Padre Grasso said, looking into John's face. "Your mother and father are proud."

"Father, do you know about the early Dutch settlers—"

Protestants again. Padre Grasso covered his pain with a smile. Mrs. Mauro thrust her head up. "What Dutch, Dutch. This is Orlando. Orlando!"

Mr. Mimmo laughed to his wife.

Padre Grasso watched John back his way to the hassock at the end of the room. John sat down and lowered his head again.

"Ah, bambini, bambini d'America," the Father said. "How they drink this America. How they forget the voice. Mother. Father." He held up his right hand, three fingers up, two down, as in the Mass. "The voice of the mother, the blessed mother."

Edith came in with the silver tray. Padre Grasso stopped to watch the row of demitasse cups surrounding the bottles of liqueur and dishes of pine nut macaroons.

"Bella," he said.

"And this," Mrs. Mauro said, taking up the bottle of her own tangerine cordial.

"La vera qualita'," he said.

Everyone smiled. Reni served Padre Grasso first, then the others. He ate and drank rapidly, then stood up.

"Pleasure must sit while duty rides," he said with a sigh, and everyone nodded, knowing of the many calls he had to make. His visits were now briefer than Doctor Russo's.

He was escorted to the gate by John. Everyone watched and waved as the black limousine drove away. Mrs. Mauro permitted John a few minutes outside, but only in the back yard while he had his suit on. John went back to look for Jenny.

He found her at the rain-stained picnic table, which was partly covered with shingles and cement sacks.

"Hey, come here Master," Jenny said. A checkerboard was before her on the table, speckled by the light through the grape leaves above.

"Who you playing with?" John asked.

"I'm not playing yet. I just got it here in case they call me. I tell them I'm playing. What'd Father Grasso say?"

"He said hello and goodbye. What could he say?"

"Did he say prayers? Did he have the robe on?"

"No, no. He drank vermouth and talked to my mother and father," John said. "And your mother and father. They all said my tapestry was Italian."

"He drank *vermouth!* That's a sin, isn't it? A priest can't drink vermouth. He has to confess now." Jenny moved the palms of her hands over the checkers, sliding them back and forth on the board. She looked up at her kitchen windows, but they were closed.

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"Did he eat?" Jenny asked.

"He ate. Sure. He ate pastries."

Jenny looked back at the windows again. In turning around her long black curls swept across her face; some of the eraser chips still stuck there.

"Do you stay in your room a lot?" Jenny asked.

"Not so much," John said.

"My mother and father's room's next to mine." She began to whisper. "But you know what I do. I say spaghetti gives me upset stomach. And when I talk Italian I say it hurts my tongue."

John looked at Jenny. Jenny put her tongue out, between her teeth, and made childish sounds. John began to laugh.

"Shut it," she said. "They'll hear. They'll hear."

But no one heard.

APOCALYPSE

CYNTHIA OZICK

LISTEN, I am one of those idiot-saints who teach by unexample.
My house is full of disciples. What I do not do they seek.
What I have not done they praise. What I will not do
they believe. Once in eleven days I speak.

"Wash the dishes!"—and all my monks
(simplicity has tonsured their loins) clatter
these vessels wherein meditation seethes like a lamb
in its mother-milk and does not matter.

In my father's wife I grew like a worm. Enslimed
I climbed from her grave. All the rest
is a dirty search for a dry crib. My creed is how to itch
without scratching—scratch sans itch being too hard a test.

I sleep long and dream much. When I wake, my apostles
are drunk on the gall of illumination. How
they find sticks for me to beat them is a wonder. The stove kindles
neither wood nor coal; so we burn Torah, and sometimes Tao.

On the twelfth day of the apothegmatical month I am asked what word
"wipes out the sins of innumerable aeons." I reply "Your nose."
"What does that mean?" But already I have gone too far,
Told too much, and tremble that my secret shows.

CYNTHIA OZICK, a native and resident of New York, here makes her first appearance in COMMENTARY; she has published stories and verse in various other magazines.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

MARK TWAIN AND THE BRITISH LADIES

A Feuilleton

THEODOR HERZL

BETWEEN 1884 and his death twenty years later, Theodor Herzl wrote many light, non-political pieces of literary criticism, travelogue, and fiction or semi-fiction, of the genre known as "feuilleton." Collecting about seventy of these in a two-volume set (published in Berlin in 1903), Herzl gave it the simple title *Feuilletons*. This piece, written in 1894, is taken from the second volume, which contains several essays penned during Herzl's sojourn in Paris as the correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Herzl never visited the United States, but was interested in American life and knew something about American literature, having read Washington Irving, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edward Bellamy, and Mark Twain. In his *Jugendtagebuch* there is an entry dated February 3, 1882, wherein the twenty-one-year-old student of jurisprudence discusses a collection of Mark Twain's short stories. Herzl noted that the German translation was inadequate, and he characterized the volume as representative of "English [!] humor, grotesque at times, and always dry." Yet he regarded Mark Twain as a forceful critic of local conditions.

Twelve years later Herzl had a chance to see Mark Twain (then close to sixty) at the British embassy in Paris where the humorist gave a reading to a select group. The excerpt printed below is Herzl's reaction to the actual reading, at which he was present. In the original essay, there is a second half, a humorous "addendum" in which he spoofs the character of an American newspaperman, a correspondent in Paris, whose public back home is waiting for his stuff to appear in the local paper, the *Minneapolis Bluffs*. Here Herzl—without firsthand experience—is forced to fall back on stereotypes, in contrast to his astute personal view of Mark Twain and his audience. The translation from the German original is mine.—ALFRED WERNER.

BEFORE me, down the rue Faubourg St. Honoré, runs a large old-fashioned omnibus, painted differently from the usual Paris bus. On the roof of this box is an unoccupied bench, but the interior is jammed with young English girls, recognizable at a glance. The bus has no conductor. In the corner sits an old lady with a girl on her lap. I can hear the chirping going on in that odd vehicle, and now it goes rumbling down the hill. A boarding school! I guess at once where they are bound for—to the reading that Mark Twain is giving at the British embassy. Right! From the distance I see the old box stop in front of the embassy, and by the time I arrive—I've walked slowly—the whole chirping company has disembarked. Now they stalk earnestly across the courtyard in pairs. From the gate to the entrance door a strip of pavement crosses the gravel. This pavement was made in England, an inconspicuous trademark explains. . . .

All is English elegance: servants with white-lacquered hair, cool salons which actually look as though they were lived in; say: lightly lived in. In the largest salon stand rows of delicate gilded chairs, upholstered in flowered red silk. A globe-trotter often sees just such chairs in the salons of absent princes, and assumes they are not meant to be sat on. Here one sits

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upon them; not comfortably, but one sits.

The audience consists of ladies from the tenderest years to a solemn age. There are very few men, save for three or four journalists, and not one Frenchman. . . . What consolation to one's eyes, those tender young girls, just at the point of blossoming, with their delicate faces looking out from glowing light hair, and their supple figures evoking a green lawn and flying tennis balls. One can hardly contemplate their blond beauty without being touched; it vanishes quickly like the spring itself.

One scarcely realizes there are so many people present—so quietly do they converse. It is their passionate good breeding. Imagine the same number of French ladies, of the most elegant society, in the same hall: there would be a loud rustling of garments and chit-chat, *ma chère!* Or if they remained silent, their glances would dash about, inquire, reply, smile, envy, suspect, greet, flirt. But here we have the nation of the fixed eye. Every Britisher has, a yard and a half off the end of his nose, an invisible point at which he gazes attentively. And a Britisher is very serious or very gay, never anything in between.

Yet whenever I see the ambassador, Lord Dufferin, it strikes me he does not look like an Englishman. He smiles a great deal: an icy, unpleasant, cruel smile, but still a smile. His full name is Dufferin and Ava. The second name fits better—it sounds like Alba. This creased face, weatherbeaten, dark yellowish in color, with its sharp nose, thin dyed beard, a bit fuller at the chin, would sit well over a Spanish ruff. As the governor of the Netherlands he could be very much hated. But here he stands at the door and fixes his piercing eyes on the audience. He does not have his point in the air, a yard and a half away.

Two or three other gentlemen stand in the doorway and look at someone whom I cannot see. My guess is that it is Mark Twain. For there is in the eyes of these gentlemen the expectant cheerfulness with which one awaits the approach of a noted merrymaker. Now he enters, the most celebrated wag of two continents. He gives his hand to an old gentleman, and at once this man laughs heartily, the laughter suffusing the entire staid, rigid old face. I am convinced that all Mark Twain said to him was, "Hello!" But can Mark Twain say anything that would not be funny?

Well, so here he is. A short, spare man, and a bit shaky. The gray locks are a little over-artistic; a drooping, gray mustache under a strongly curved nose; a blank look; flabby cheeks; a pointed chin. This is at best Mr. Clemens (his legal name); Mark Twain I had imagined quite differently. I don't exactly know just how, but different. Not that it is his fault, of course. The only fine thing in this face are the eyebrows: magnificent, energetic, widely separated eyebrows, which twirl upward. They are both prickly and hearty, like Mark Twain himself. His humor is immense, violent, unsettling. Veritable blocks of humorousness, intended for a people who refrain from smiling. When a man of English tongue decides to laugh, he wants to laugh thoroughly, all at once, and so that everything cracks. And this little man has just such great laughter wherever English is spoken on our globe—and that's the largest of any area.

If one had his choice of language in which to write, one would surely choose English to win for oneself the most loyal, the widest circle of readers and thus wield intellectual power and leave one's mark. . . .

The audience now applauds Mr. Clemens's appearance, with enthusiasm and reverence. He is a remarkable reader; only for the little stories of Mark Twain his delivery is not suitable. He changes them into something altogether different—he ruins his gorgeous pieces by his equally gorgeous delivery: there's some humor in that fact. An artist in his writing, a virtuoso in his delivery. . . . The little Mr. Clemens is much too quick and clever, and, strangely, he seems to want to get more effect from his elocution than from his subject. I can think of only one explanation: he must be much in demand as a reader and has taken on the manners of an actor. . . .

Yet even his blunders are fascinating—one deduces from them the taste of those he thinks to please with his mannerisms. People want something for their money, and when they pay for a reading, it must be a reading. So everything is heavily underlined, spelled out. He makes all kinds of unnecessary gestures—unless by accident he happens to put his hand in his vest pocket. To please his

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audience, he acts the comedian. He tumbles back when he wants to convey consternation. He really springs around! Rubs his nose, his mouth, his well-shaved cheeks—all to convey embarrassment. Finally, he scratches his head—which, I am sorry to say, causes a slight uneasiness in the predominantly English audience, which is apt to be annoyed by these free American gestures.

The reading has come to an end. There is much laughter. Lord Dufferin and Ava, with a condescending smile, presses the hand of the gay master—who will be happily remembered long after nothing remains of his Lordship, neither the Dufferin nor the Ava. The audience is not certain whether it is proper to leave immediately. A gentleman steps forward, and in a few solemn words thanks Mr. Clemens for the entertainment he has given, and Lord Dufferin for the use of the hall for so charitable a cause. To indicate that everything, including his own speech, has come to an end, the gentleman, with great composure, applauds. . . . All clap two or three times, to show they've understood the hint, and rise to go. Their faces once again serious, they take their leave, their eyes fixed on the point before them, a yard and a half away. Slowly they walk across the court, sticking to the granite pavement as though it were a bridge, and the gravel to the left and right, water.

They go out through the gate. They are in Paris again. Paris, which contains everything—the universe! How strange that even in that vast sea which is Paris the English can be distinguished so clearly and at such a great distance. Standing at the gate and staring after the audience of Mark Twain, I can follow them all the way down to the rue Royale. They do not flutter apart and mix with the stream of passers-by. It appears as if all of them knew each other—they stick together like a regiment. At this point, one understands the reason for their peculiarities, the little ones and the big ones. It is these peculiarities which serve to sustain them.

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ON THE HORIZON

ON CATFISH ROW

"Porgy and Bess" in the Movies

JAMES BALDWIN

GRANDIOSE, foolish, and heavy with the stale perfume of self-congratulation, the Hollywood-Goldwyn-Preminger production of *Porgy and Bess* lumbered into the Warner theater shortly before the death of Billie Holiday. These two facts are not, of course, related in any concrete or visible way. Yet, at the time I was watching Bess refuse Sporting Life's offer of "happy dust," Billie was in the hospital. A day or so later, I learned that she was under arrest for possession of heroin and that the police were at her bedside. A number of people, some of whom I knew, were trying to have the dying woman accorded more humane treatment. "She's sitting up today," said one of the last people to see her alive, "and if they don't bug her to death, she'll never die." Well, she *is* dead and I tend to concur with the woman who suggests that she was "bugged" to death. We are altogether too quick to disclaim responsibility for the fate which overtakes—so often—so many gifted, driven, and erratic artists. Nobody pushed them to their deaths, we like to say. They jumped. Of course there is always some truth to this, but the pressures of the brutally indifferent world cannot be dismissed so speedily. Moreover, though we disclaim all responsibility for the failure of an artist, we are happy to take his success or survival as a flattering comment on ourselves. In fact, Billie was produced and destroyed by the same society. It had not the faintest intention of producing her and it did not intend to destroy her; but it has managed to do both with the same bland lack of concern.

But I do not intend to talk about Billie Holiday, who has gained her immortality dearly and who is in no need of any remarks of mine. She would have made a splendid, if somewhat overwhelming Bess and, indeed, I should imagine that she was much closer to the original, whoever she was, of this portrait than anyone who has ever played or sung it. She was certainly much closer to it than Dorothy Dandridge, who plays the role, loosely speaking, in the present production. I am told that Miss Dandridge is a singer, though she seems never to have sung in the movies, but she is not an actress. Other people in *Porgy and Bess* are very gifted players indeed and under less depressing conditions have done admirable work; and there are others who give every indication of being able to act—if they could only find a director. In short, the saddest and most infuriating thing about the Hollywood production of *Porgy and Bess* is that Mr. Otto Preminger has a great many gifted people in front of his camera and not the remotest notion of what to do with any of them. The film cost upwards of six, or sixty, millions, or billions, of dollars but all that was needed for the present result was a little cardboard and a little condescension. As for the cardboard, consider the set, surely the most characterless in this opera's entire history; and as for condescension, consider the costumes, most of which

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The film version of George Gershwin's opera *Porgy and Bess* is appraised here by the novelist JAMES BALDWIN, author of *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953) and *Giovanni's Room* (1956). Mr. Baldwin last contributed the article "Equal in Paris" (March 1955).

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seem to have been left over from one of those traveling "Tom" shows. All of this, needless to say, in color, on a screen a block wide, and in stereophonic sound—which last means that one is not allowed to listen to the music but is beaten over the head with it. The camera takes an interest in the proceedings which can best be described as discreet: trundling lamely behind Diahann Carroll, for example, while she mauls someone's heroically patient infant and waits for her man to be lost at sea. This event, like everything else in the movie, is so tastelessly overdone, so heavily telegraphed—rolling chords, dark sky, wind, ominous talk about hurricane bells, etc.—that there is really nothing left for the actors to do.

It is always necessary to suppose that the director knows more than his actors, knows, that is, how to get the best out of them, as individual performers and as an ensemble. This is a supposition which the facts do not always support. In the case of a white director called upon to direct a Negro cast, the supposition ceases—with very rare exceptions—to have any validity at all. The director *cannot* know anything about his company if he knows nothing about the life that produced them. We still live, alas, in a society mainly divided into black and white. Black people still do not, by and large, tell white people the truth and white people still do not want to hear it. By the time the cameras start rolling or rehearsals begin, the director is entirely at the mercy of his ignorance and of whatever system of theories or evasions he has evolved to cover his ignorance.

So is his company, which knows very well that, as he has no way of understanding the range of the Negro personality, he cannot possibly assess any given performer's potential. They know, in short, that in this limited sense, as in so many others, they are going to be ill-used and they resign themselves to it with as much sardonic good nature as they can muster. They are working, at least, and they will be seen; this part may lead to a better part or even better parts for others. So the disaster proceeds and the miracle is that even in so thoroughgoing a disaster as *Porgy and Bess* a couple of very effective moments are achieved. This is partly by virtue of the material. For we have not even mentioned the probable quality of the script on which the Negro performer will be working or the reasons that this script finds itself in production.

I LIKE *Porgy and Bess* but I do not think it is a great American opera. We do not have one yet. It is—or it was, until Mr. Preminger got his hands on it—an extraordinarily vivid, good-natured, and sometimes moving show. It is the story of a Negro beggar-cripple and his prostitute-addict sweetheart and it takes place in a Charleston ghetto; and it owes its vitality to the fact that DuBose Heyward loved the people he was writing about. (By which I do not mean to imply that he loved all Negroes; he was a far better man than that.)

Just the same, it is a white man's vision of Negro life. This means that when it should be most concrete and searching it veers off into the melodramatic and the exotic. It seems to me that the author knew more about Bess than he understood and more about Porgy than he could face—than any of us, so far, can face. The idea of a Negro beggar-cripple who yet has enough force in his hands to kill a man and enough force in his body—to say nothing of his spirit—to possess a woman is surely an arresting one; as is the notion that this woman is, herself, because of her own uncontrollable drives, at the mercy of two whore masters, one of whom is a murderer and both of whom are dope addicts. And Heyward was not inventing all this but describing things that he had seen.

What has always been missing from George Gershwin's opera is what the situation of Porgy and Bess says about the white world. It is because of this omission that Americans are so proud of the opera. It assuages their guilt about Negroes and it attacks none of their fantasies. Since Catfish Row is clearly such a charming place to live, there is no need for them to trouble their consciences about the fact that the people who live there are still not allowed to move anywhere else. Neither need they probe within their own lives to discover what the Negroes of Catfish Row really mean to them. But I am certainly not the first person to suggest that these Negroes seem to speak to them of a better life—better in the sense of being more honest, more open, and more free: in a word, more sexual. This is

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the cruelest fantasy of all, hard to forgive. It means that Negroes are penalized, and hideously, for what the general guilty imagination makes of them. This fantasy is at the bottom of almost all violence against Negroes; it is the reason they are not to be mixed in buses, houses, schools, jobs; they are to remain instead in Catfish Row, to have fish fries and make love. It is a fantasy which is tearing the nation to pieces and it is surely time we snapped out of it. For nobody in Catfish Row is having fish fries these days, and love is as rare and as difficult there as it has always been everywhere else. They struggle to pay the rent, the life insurance, the note due on the bedroom suite, the TV set, the refrigerator, the car. They worry about their children. They begin to hate each other, they turn to mysticism or to dope, they die there.

Obviously, neither Samuel Goldwyn nor Otto Preminger nor most of the audience for *Porgy and Bess* knows this, or wants to know it; and they would defend their production, I suppose, in the words of Mr. Preminger, as taking place in "a world which does not really exist." This is an entirely illegitimate defense, and, in any case, the people in front of the camera keep reminding one, most forcefully, of a *real* Catfish Row, real agony, real despair, and real love. Many of them have been there, after all, and they know. Out of one Catfish Row or another came the murdered Bessie Smith and the dead Billie Holiday and virtually every Negro performer this country has produced. Until today, no one wants to hear the story, and the Negro performer is still in battle with the white man's image of the Negro—which the white man clings to in order not to be forced to revise his image of himself. But in the Catfish Row where I was born, the truth, they said, will out. And certainly something comes "out" in Ruth Attaway's miming of "My Man's Gone Now," some genuine depth is touched which has nothing to do with the vulgar production in which she is, for the rest of the time, quite thanklessly trapped.

No one can admire Sidney Poitier more than I do, but he is entirely wrong for the role of Porgy. He does not succeed in making me believe that he is afraid of Crown, Crown's wounds, or the police, or buzzards —or, indeed, of anything else; nor do I believe for a moment that he is unable to get up off that cart and walk. The very qualities which lend him his distinction—his intelligence, virility, and grace—operate against him here. Yet he does do something else which is utterly remarkable, especially against the eery sexual chill emanating from Miss Dandridge: he makes me believe that he loves Bess. Poitier is, in fact, one of the very few actors on the American screen who is not compelled to spend most of his cinema time proving that he is not afraid of women. One is not compelled to watch him flexing his muscles and screwing up his courage in order to approach his mortal enemy and accomplish the unspeakable.

THERE is a great and instructive irony in this. That image one is compelled to hold of another person—in order, as I have said, to retain one's image of oneself—may become that person's trial, his cross, his death. It may or may not become his prison; but it inevitably becomes one's own. People who thought of Bessie Smith as a coarse black woman, and who let her die, were far less free than Bessie, who had escaped all their definitions by becoming herself. This is still the only way to become a man or a woman —or an artist. Now Billie Holiday has escaped forever from managers, landlords, locked hotels, fear, poverty, illness, and the watchdogs of morality and the law. "I had a long, long way to go," she used to sing. Well, she made it, all the way from Catfish Row, and no one has managed to define her yet. For the Negro is not a statistic or a problem or a fantasy: he is a person and it is simply not possible for one person to define another. Those who try soon find themselves trapped in their own definitions.

Whoever has found himself in a real Catfish Row knew that he had two choices, to live or to die, and some lived. If the day ever comes when the survivors of the place can be fooled into believing that the Hollywood cardboard even faintly resembles, or is intended to resemble, what it was like to be there, all our terrible and beautiful history will have gone for nothing and we will all be doomed to an unimaginable irreality. I prefer to believe that the day is coming when we will tell the truth about it—and ourselves. On that day, and not before that day, we can call ourselves free men.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

RETHINKING WORLD POLITICS

A Critique of Some Recent Contributions

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

THE longer the global stalemate lasts, the more obvious it becomes that the "cold war" and "coexistence" are two sides of the same coin; in the end they may come to be synonymous. Even now the arms race shows signs of bogging down in a thermonuclear deadlock, with the major powers feeling their way toward some form of limited agreement on inspection and control, while a dozen or so nations of the second and third rank are cautiously edging toward the first stage of atomic sovereignty in peace or war. Politically, the two "camps" are increasingly concerned to impress the sizeable bloc of uncommitted humanity in some of the less developed countries. While the possibility of a "showdown" continues to figure in all political calculations, emphasis is shifting to long-range perspectives; we are no longer so certain that the two blocs cannot coexist.

A situation of this kind encourages a revival of thinking about fundamentals. What sort of ground do we stand on, and wherein do we differ from our opponents? What is the irreducible minimum of consent that must be preserved if the democratic camp is to hold together? In their different ways, four significant recent books are all concerned with this theme. Two are by American, two by British authors, and the viewpoints they reflect range from moderate conservatism to Fabian socialism (with a Marxist infusion). It may be relevant to inquire whether something like a common attitude can be distilled from them.

Reinhold Niebuhr, as befits a distinguished theologian, casts his reflections in the form of an essay on the principles of political conduct. Oddly, he couples this traditional approach with a running commentary on international affairs which at times suggests an almost breathless topicality: Suez, Hungary, the Eisenhower Doctrine, and the latest analysis of Khrushchev's maneuvers by some accredited news commentator, wrestle in his pages with elaborate reflections on Augustine's *Civitas Dei* and the Hobbesian doctrine of statecraft. Cicero and Thomas Aquinas are no sooner brought into the discussion than we are reminded that the League of Nations was a failure for which Wilson was partly responsible. Augustine is coupled with Lenin, the point being that "Lenin's estimate of capitalism is as one-sided as Augustine's estimate of the Roman state." Lest the reader infer that capitalism is as dead as Rome was when Augustine gloated over its fall, he is also advised that "bourgeois democracy is rightly regarded in the West as the best form of government." Capitalism, moreover, has managed to reform itself, and Western democracy has consequently become "immune to the virus of Marxist [sic] rebellion." But in that case what is the point of bracketing Lenin with Augustine?

THE ideas which separate Western democracy from Soviet Communism are the subject of this essay by GEORGE LICHTHEIM, a regular contributor and former associate editor of this magazine. His discussion revolves around four current books: *The Structure of Nations and Empires*, by Reinhold Niebuhr (Scribner's); *Five Ideas That Changed the World*, by Barbara Ward (Norton); *New Fabian Colonial Essays* (Hogarth Press, London); and *The Sociological Imagination*, by C. Wright Mills (Oxford University Press). Mr. Mills's book will also be reviewed at greater length by Dennis H. Wrong in a forthcoming issue.

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Elsewhere modern Communism is compared with Islam during its age of military expansion; this too suggests a vision of breakdown and disintegration, but Dr. Niebuhr rejects Toynbee's defeatism and is confident that the West has a chance to survive; though "for the time being the Western type of democracy must expect to lose many encounters in the dark continents, because its fluid equilibria require a technical civilization which is beyond the present competence of nations recently introduced to an industrial civilization." It hardly needed an exegesis of political philosophy since Plato to bring us to this familiar conclusion.

THE truth is that Dr. Niebuhr, in this interesting but curiously shapeless tract for the times, pursues two different lines of thought which are not really brought together. Problems of "structure" demand a sociological approach which is alien to his cast of mind, while his concern with immutable principles leads—despite his strenuous search for political concretion—to the familiar dichotomy of abstract ideas and unassimilable facts. A political philosophy must indeed incorporate both general principles of conduct and discussions of particular problems—imperialism, totalitarianism, and so on; but this aim is not secured by isolating half a dozen abstract notions and then "applying" them mechanically to contexts as varied as the later Roman Empire, the Italian city-states in Machiavelli's time, the emerging European nation-states, and finally the present conflict between what Dr. Niebuhr —with rare explicitness—refers to as "the two imperial nations of today," meaning the US and the USSR. His categories—democracy, authority, commonwealth, dominion, empire, etc.—are so defined as to cover both their traditional use (he has an entire section on Dante's *De Monarchia*) and their current employment in the ideological cold war. The result is confusing rather than illuminating. The "empire" of Dante's imagination was not the real Holy Roman Empire as it actually existed in his day, and neither the one nor the other bears any relation (other than an etymological one) to the British Empire. There is no easy transition from one level to another, save by the familiar expedient of taking ideological constructs at face value. This done, we are once more confronted with the old problem: how did the concepts get into the heads of their authors, and what was it that made them relevant to the politics of their day?

Dr. Niebuhr's solution is the familiar one of turning ideas—or, as Hegel would have said, "the idea"—into the demiurge of history:

"Whether through the confusion of Rousseau's conception of the 'general will' . . . or through the physiocratic conception of the 'laws of nature' . . . or whether in Condorcet's vague conception of free men having no sovereign 'other than their reason,' the confidence in reason, and in liberty based on reason, bred tyranny and anarchy in France. On the other hand, the Lockean theories of consent of the governed, combined with the idea of this consent being expressed through the rule of majorities, made for ordered government in both Britain and America."

Apart from reflecting the traditional conservative Anglo-Saxon view of the French Revolution, a statement such as this does nothing to clarify the relation of doctrines to political realities. It is not even factually correct: Locke's theories were at the root of French liberalism. If their application produced results wholly different from anything experienced in Britain and America, the cause must be sought in material circumstances. Dr. Niebuhr remembers this principle on some occasions, and forgets it on others. Incidentally, what is "ordered government"? Was the *Ancien Régime* ordered? If not, did France ever have an "ordered government," and if so, when? We are not told.

These uncertainties are not accidental. Dr. Niebuhr is poised between two quite incompatible ways of treating historical subjects. The title of his essay is *The Structure of Nations and Empires*. Now there is a certain fatality about the employment of the term "structure": it suggests that historical realities can be discussed in scientific language. Marx and Max Weber stand at the end of this dangerous path, beckoning the unwary philosopher to come closer. If he is incautious enough to go on, he is likely to lose his idealist halo, and Dr. Niebuhr—for all his quotations from Joseph Schumpeter and Karl A. Wittfogel—is firmly wedded to the idealist heritage. His concern is not with historical patterns, but with the eternal balance of "order" and "justice." These are legitimate subjects of political philosophy, but not of political science—if that term is to have any meaning. This distinction, of course, does not

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invalidate the belief that science must in the last resort be rooted in philosophy: even a Marxist (not to mention the Thomists) would agree to this proposition. But Dr. Niebuhr fails to allow sufficiently for the difference. His discussion shifts to and fro between general principles and the temporary exigencies of "authority," "majesty," or "dominion." There is no analysis of "structures," not even of the Communist structure, to which a good deal of the argument is ostensibly devoted. The tension between his realistic purpose and his ideological approach is not resolved but camouflaged; incompatible principles are yoked together and made to coexist on the basis of a judicious, but quite arbitrary, splitting of the methodological difference. A definite statement is no sooner made than it is qualified by its opposite. This may be liberalism of a kind, but it is not the kind that gets us much further.

THE weakness of this eclecticism is illustrated by Dr. Niebuhr's treatment of the subject of empire. The United States and the Soviet Union are both, he says, "imperial nations" and leaders of world-wide alliances within which they occupy a position of domination or hegemony. So far so good—to the British reader at any rate such candor comes as welcome relief after years of official make-believe on this subject. But from this promising start we are promptly deflected into an agonizing inspection of Dr. Niebuhr's political conscience. "Both the imperial nations," it appears, have something in common: "they both believe that imperialism is an outmoded form of political organization. The one believes this by virtue of a democratic creed, which persists in America in its pristine purity. . . . The ironic fact is that the Marxist and liberal-democratic theories of power relations are very similar in obscuring the perennial factors. . . . The ideological system of democratic liberalism has no room for the expression of any power, or the formation of any community, above the level of the nation and below the level of the universal community. . . . Marxism is the only version of the universal empire which could achieve relevance in a secular age. . . ." "The curious fact that the two nations which have achieved imperial power condemn imperialism for different reasons, has led to some serious confusions," including a tendency on the part of some prominent Americans—Dr. Niebuhr particularly quotes a postwar utterance by President (then General) Eisenhower—to see an alleged resemblance between the United States and the USSR, on the grounds that "both were free of the stigma of empire-building by force." Whereas they should have realized that "we are now in a situation in which a new imperialism, namely that of the Russian Communists, has effectively reconstructed in utopian terms the oldest imperialism of human history": that of an empire based on "an ideological universalism."

Now the trouble with all this profundity is that there is really no call for it. No one outside the United States ever doubted that after the Second World War America was bound to step into Britain's shoes; and few people saw anything wrong with it. "Imperialism" of course is a swearword in America, as is "power politics." But that is no excuse for making such heavy weather over the new status of the United States as a world power. As for the Soviet bloc, it is not an "empire" in the old sense, but is oriented toward the center in Moscow, and no right-thinking Communist with a faith in central planning can doubt that this is a reasonable arrangement which benefits all concerned. One need not be an adherent of some messianic creed to hold such a view, just as one does not have to be an old-fashioned Tory romantic to believe that there was some rational justification for the British Empire. (As a matter of fact, most Fabians took precisely the same view, and some prominent socialists in England do to this day.) In short, the whole excursus into old and new imperialisms turns out to be concerned with nothing more fundamental than the surviving nostalgia of some Americans for a state of affairs when the United States had no real responsibilities.

Unfortunately Dr. Niebuhr is unwilling to see the situation in this light, and since he is too candid to deny that America has become "imperial," he agonizes for entire chapters over the problem of defining a concept of empire which will not outrage democratic and radical sentiment. In the process he takes his readers over a good deal of familiar historical ground (starting from ancient Mesopotamia), in order to establish the point that "empires" have existed since time immemorial; from which it is supposed to follow that "the Marxists" are all wrong in seeing the source of imperialism in capitalism. But this will not do. It is true that domination over conquered peoples is a very

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ancient phenomenon (going back all the way to Pharaonic Egypt, if one cares to pursue it that far); but it is likewise the case that the 19th- and 20th-century version of imperialism was bound up with the then prevailing economic organization in the Western world, which happened to be industrial capitalism. Moreover, the first people to notice this fact, and to complain about it, were not socialists, let alone Marxists (there is not a word on the subject in Marx's writings, and Engels was if anything rather favorable to imperialism, as were the Fabians), but old-fashioned Liberals who had come to believe—with Cobden, Mill, Spencer, and their political progeny—that empire-building was incompatible with free trade and consequently destined to disappear. It was only after they had waxed indignant on the subject for some years that the socialists caught on; as for the Russian Communists, *their* "anti-imperialism" was always exclusively directed against the West, and in particular against Britain. In short, the whole problem that causes Dr. Niebuhr so much worry and anxiety is largely one of terminology (and of course politics).

This is an instance of Dr. Niebuhr's persistent habit of treating historical circumstances, and the more or less distorted notions formed by people about these circumstances, as though they belonged to the same order of reality. On other occasions his concern with what men thought they were doing, rather than with what they were actually doing, leads him to become unfair even to his favorite theorists: the founders of Anglo-Saxon liberalism. Thus he credits Adam Smith with the "honest mistake" of supposing that manufacturers and workers benefited equally from the free play of market forces. Actually Smith was quite realistic on this subject—there is a celebrated passage in the *Wealth of Nations* on the inequality of bargaining power as between masters and men—but his clear realization that the balance was weighted in favor of the employers had not the slightest effect on what took place in the next generation. Why should it have? Professors of economics, however influential, cannot by themselves alter the balance of social forces. To suggest that "the injustices [sic] of early industrialism were the consequence" of a simple failure to see the obvious, is to revert to a mode of history writing which one had supposed to be dead and buried.

THAT Dr. Niebuhr is not alone in taking this curious view of the subject is evident from Miss Barbara Ward's 1957 lectures at Ghana University, recently published in book form with a prefatory tribute by Dr. Nkrumah to "my good friend Lady Jackson, known to the world as Barbara Ward." Unlike Dr. Niebuhr, Miss Ward is a professional economist and quite aware of what the classical theorists were doing. Yet anyone reading her chapter on Communism—there are also companion pieces on nationalism, colonialism, and industrialism—might be pardoned for supposing that all the horrors of Victorian industrialism were the consequence of a regrettable obtuseness on the part of otherwise well-meaning people, such as Cobden and Bright, who on ideological grounds opposed legislation to ban child labor. If only they had seen more clearly what the new system implied, if only they had not been rushed off their feet by the industrial revolution, those horrors, it seems, would not have taken place; Marx and Engels would have had nothing to get indignant about; and there would have been no Communism to plague us today! That under the conditions of early capitalism the new class of small-scale entrepreneurs could keep above water only by starving their workers; that the consequent spread of social barbarism was inherent in the conditions of the epoch—these disagreeable circumstances appear only briefly as an incident in "that first, ugly, rough, brutal stage of the industrial revolution" when "the workers in the main did the saving in the strict sense of non-consumption." Unfortunately, this was also more or less what happened when the industrial revolution spread from England to other countries, some of them less well provided with means to cushion the shock. It is all very well to say that we have left these grim conditions behind, but "we" in this context means Western Europe and North America—not the bulk of mankind. And even in some of the more favored countries the experience has left traces in the collective memory which it will take a long time to efface. Miss Ward's native Britain is a case in point. No one could claim that the British worker today is not reasonably well off, but his attachment to the Labor party—and even more his dislike of anything that might interfere with his accepted routine—stems directly from the traumatic experience of his ancestors a century ago.

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There are other respects in which Miss Ward, like Dr. Niebuhr—with whom she shares an attachment to what used to be called Christian socialism—makes a little too much of what went on in people's heads, as distinct from what they were actually doing. On the whole, though, she is decidedly realistic about the struggle between the two worlds, even to the extent of seeing Leninism as an answer to specifically Russian problems, where Dr. Niebuhr simply deduces the whole of Soviet Communism from the early Marxist utopia. Since she was addressing an African audience, she had of course to simplify her brief sketch of Western history, and—more ominous for the future of intellectual relations with the emergent countries—she seems to have felt obliged to soft-pedal some of the more awkward aspects of the imperialist-colonialist nexus.

It is, apparently, not yet possible for a Westerner to talk plainly about the social and cultural disintegration which the modern world has brought to Africa; or to take up the awkward subject of where the necessary investments are to come from, supposing there to be an insufficiency of international funds. Then there is the no less ticklish problem of discovering the "new class" which can be trusted to run the industrial revolution. Miss Ward casually notes that in Japan this process went forward under the rule of a feudal oligarchy. "Government initiative was decisive, but a form of private initiative followed. In Turkey, too, with its earlier tradition of despotic government, the government itself initiated the industrial program. But dislike of Communism was one factor in insuring that some government-owned industry was then transferred to private groups." This is true enough, and worth stating, especially to an African audience. But it offers small comfort to democrats.

Dr. Nkrumah's preface to this volume is not without interest. The lectures, which he attended in company with other officials of the Ghana government, seem to have impressed him especially as an encouragement for his familiar vision of "small, uncommitted countries," "free from the shackles of conflicting political ideologies," "holding the ring for the main contestants, to prevent that loss of control which would mean the end of humanity." For Dr. Nkrumah, the African countries are the natural peace-makers and bridge-builders. He can indeed draw comfort from Miss Ward's picture of "the division of the world between two great military blocs," though he is discreetly silent on her characterization of the Soviet bloc as "clearly the more expansive and aggressive force." His preface therefore concludes with an altogether unexceptionable appeal for an end to "intolerance and exploitation, and inhumanity of man for man" (sic). This does well enough for a nationalist leader in charge of a newly emancipated country; it is not of course an honest report on the policy of Dr. Nkrumah's government or, for that matter, any other government. Politicians cannot afford to be objective and dispassionate. It is part of their function to discover plausible rationalizations for what they feel obliged to do in any case. The ability to see this, and yet to sympathize with them, is the measure of genuine political sophistication, of which Miss Ward has her fair share. Not surprisingly, her lectures at Ghana University were a great success with the Africans; they deserved to be.

For a scholarly discussion of what the newly emergent countries are really up against, one does well to turn to the recently published collection of *Fabian Colonial Essays*. Here we have ex-ministers, high officials, and professional economists laboriously and painstakingly going over the ground rapidly skimmed by Miss Ward, and in the process turning up a crop of exceedingly tough theoretical and political nuts for national leaders and colonial administrators to crack. Merely to contrast the very different views of Thomas Balogh and Arthur Gaitskell—brother of the Labor party leader, and a former director of vast economic enterprises in East Africa—on the subject of individual versus collective farming, is to realize that socialists can be at odds over crucial technical matters which may shape the political future of these territories. For the purpose of this discussion, however, greater interest inheres in the Fabian views on imperialism, past, present, and future; partly because they are as different as can be from those of Dr. Niebuhr and his fellow liberals.

The Fabian socialist's chief bugbear is laissez-faire liberalism, and under this heading he also includes the traditional liberal attitude to colonies, i.e., that they are a nuisance to the "mother country" and had best become independent as fast as possible. He believes

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that behind this seemingly unimpeachable attitude there lurks—or lurked in the not so distant past, when Britannia ruled the world's markets—an undisclosed conviction that the economic nexus between the metropolis and the colony must necessarily be a stronger link than any political arrangement; and he does not share this belief. Not all Fabians are as clear on this point as Dr. Balogh, but most would agree with him that the traditional liberal attitude is no solution to the problem of backward countries. For under perfectly "free" competition between the metropolis and the former colony, it is the former which, by reason of its greater economic weight, reaps most of the benefit. Now in Britain the liberal argument—subsequently also the Labor party argument as long as Labor was led by old free-traders—was usually directed against imperialism and protectionism as being an unwarranted interference (a) with the freedom of colonial people, and (b) with the freedom of the market, since these policies tended to send up the price of certain foodstuffs and raw materials imported by Britain (they might have been got cheaper elsewhere). Protectionism and colonialism were a threat to the working man's breakfast table! This was the essence of radical-liberal "Little Englandism," and it was *this* form of "anti-imperialism" which became popular in Britain from about 1900 onward. In Dr. Balogh's words, which are worth pondering by Americans at the present day:

"It could sharply attack Tory 'imperialism' or colonialism (as do some Americans at present) for its political rather than its economic arrangements without criticizing the latter. It could prepare for self-government without any reflection on the economic implications, because in a system of free trade, self-government would have no economic implications: however small an area might be, it would be part and parcel of a world system, and that would continue to be dominated by Britain. Thus political independence would not have detrimental economic consequences."

Now this was all very well as long as one happened to believe in the "unseen hand" and the rest of the laissez-faire ideology, but what if one didn't? British Labor after all had rejected classical economics at home; it stood for public intervention—state control—to make up for the unbalance of forces in the market. But if it was right for the government to intervene on the side of the workers, why was it wrong to intervene on the side of the colonial inhabitants, who were a good deal more helpless? Conversely, if the liberal argument applied to the relationship between the metropolis and the colonies, why should it not apply to the relations between employers and workers in Britain? Why not simply rely on the market? What labor was preaching at home thus stood in marked contrast to its unblinking acceptance of the liberal doctrine abroad.

By now, with the exception of a dwindling handful of laissez-faire extremists, no one affects to believe that "development" can simply be left to the free play of market forces. Under both Labor and Conservative governments, public intervention is being practiced on a scale limited only by Britain's economic circumstances. The two great parties have become reluctant converts to the doctrine that freedom is not enough. In the case of the Conservatives this was less difficult than one might suppose; the true Tories had never really quite believed in the "unseen hand," and when laissez-faire liberalism collapsed they took to state intervention like ducks to water, quoting Joseph Chamberlain's imperialist manifestoes of the 1890's in support. Something of the same kind has been happening lately under Gaullist auspices in France.

These considerations are not irrelevant to the subject of "imperialism" in general. In particular, they have a bearing upon the question discussed at length by Dr. Niebuhr in the earlier chapters of his work: what are the lasting consequences of an imperial nexus between advanced and backward countries? In justice to Dr. Niebuhr, it should be said that his treatment of this subject is distinguished by greater realism than is customary among liberals. He concedes that dependent territories may incidentally benefit from being subjected for a time to outside control; and indeed with the example of Puerto Rico before their eyes, it must be difficult for American liberals to maintain the opposite. The greater danger is rather that they will—like the 19th-century British radicals before them—take shelter behind a doctrinaire insistence on all-round national independence, not realizing that in many cases this may lead straight to Balkanization and impoverishment. Dr. Niebuhr mentions Liberia; we have yet to see what will become of Ghana. All this does not mean that these countries do not have the *right* to be inde-

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pendent; merely that one should beware of thinking that independence by itself will start them upon the road of equality with the older nations.

What emerges from a comparison of Dr. Niebuhr's hesitant approach with the clear-cut realism of the Fabians is the time lag which affects American political thinking as the United States continues steadily to move into the British inheritance. "Liberal imperialism" is not really an adequate ideology for the United States, but it is probably the inevitable next step in the evolution of American political thinking. The agonizing reappraisal to which Dr. Niebuhr—with some assistance from George Kennan and Hans Morgenthau—subjects the liberal inheritance, is proof that the process has already gained sufficient depth to call for a reformulation of the liberal creed at its deepest—philosophical—level. The resultant gain in realism should not be disparaged, even if by British standards the new liberalism still seems a bit old-fashioned: notably in its horrified shrinking from anything associated with Marxian ideas. Perhaps we shall have to wait another decade before it becomes academically respectable to concede that Marx did for sociology what Darwin accomplished for the study of the human organism.

SOME such realization clearly underlies C. Wright Mills's latest work. *The Sociological Imagination* is an exasperating book to read, because it deals in an offhand and frequently dogmatic manner with a number of quite unrelated subjects, some of them already discussed at greater length in *The Power Elite*. But it would be foolish to ignore it. Mr. Mills's political views are radical, in the old-fashioned sense: here and there they recall the old British liberal-radicalism of the pre-1914 era, which went to pieces in the First World War; elsewhere he appears to stand in the populist tradition, as reshaped by Veblen. (I am obliged to add that his recent pacifist pronouncements—broadcast over the British radio and greatly esteemed by many in the British Labor party—seem nonsensical to me. It is evident that they form the counterpart of some of the opinions put forward in this book, in which case one must hope that he will come to rely more heavily on Max Weber and Joseph Schumpeter, and less on utopian radicalism and pacifism.)

The great advantage which Mr. Mills—notwithstanding a certain strain of naivety in his political thinking—possesses over those liberals who stand further to the right, is that he has read and assimilated Marx. This is not said in order to give offense, but simply as a statement of fact. It seems to be very difficult for liberals to emancipate themselves from their fascination with the Russian Revolution, without at the same time forgetting everything Marx had taught them. Dr. Niebuhr is a case in point: he appears to feel under an obligation to show that the cold war is a straight fight between old-fashioned 18th-century liberalism and newfangled 20th-century Leninism. This is what *Time* magazine would like to make its readers believe. Mr. Mills does not, which is why he can be read with pleasure and profit even by people who find his political views a bit *simpliste*. His book is a vigorously written appeal for sociological *theorizing*, in the spirit of Marx, Weber, Schumpeter, Veblen, and others, as against the deadening empiricism which eschews theory on the plea that "we have to collect more facts." He is likewise predisposed against "grand theory" in the manner of Professor Talcott Parsons.

While the double assault on empiricism and abstract "grand theory" takes up the bulk of Mr. Mills's tract, his basic theme is stated quite early: "The sociological imagination enables us to grasp history and biography, and the relations between the two within society." "No social study that does not come back to the problems of biography, of history, and of their intersections within a society, has completed its intellectual journey." Mr. Mills argues his case at some length, and for the most part in the form of an attack on the academic fraternity in general, and the sociologists in particular. It is possible to punch holes in his thesis. In my opinion, he tends to overrate the contribution made by the late Karl Mannheim; more important, there is a gap in his general argument: some of his remarks are devoted to a regretful deflation of the classic Enlightenment view of human history—preserved in both liberalism and socialism—according to which the growth of rationality is both the precondition and the guarantee of liberty. Yet on page 187 of his work he comes round to the conclusion that "the end product of any liberating education is simply the self-educating, self-cultivating

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man and woman; in short, the free and rational individual." If that is so, we are back with the classics of the Enlightenment, for Mr. Mills presumably would not deny that his idea of education is derived from what they taught us.

This leads to the question whether he does not expect a little too much from his own discipline, that of sociology. To the cobbler of course there is nothing like leather (he makes this point himself). It may be true that "the sociological imagination is becoming . . . the major common denominator of our cultural life and its signal feature. This quality of mind is found in the social and psychological sciences, but it goes far beyond these studies as we now know them." Does it follow that sociology can substitute itself for political philosophy? Mr. Mills seems inclined to think it can; Dr. Niebuhr doubtless would emphatically deny it. (The present writer, though in general closer to the critical attitude taken by Mr. Mills, would on this point side with Dr. Niebuhr; political science—which after all is applied sociology—ought to be grounded in philosophy.)

There does seem to be a very awkward gap between the kind of thinking represented by Dr. Niebuhr and that typified by Mr. Mills—who, for all his insistence on theory, is a pretty hardheaded empiricist. In one respect, however, Dr. Niebuhr and Mr. Mills are thinking along similar lines: both are concerned with the problem of ideology. "Is there any consistency, any perennial pattern or permanent force in man's search for community?" asks Dr. Niebuhr, and he goes on to question whether it is possible to "make any significant generalization about the attitudes and motives of action of communities which would be equally valid for autocracies and democracies." Evidently it is this kind of problem that Mr. Mills, too, has in mind when he writes: "The sociological imagination enables its possessor to understand the larger historical scene in terms of its meaning for the inner life and the external career of a variety of individuals. It enables him to take into account how individuals, in the welter of their daily experience, often become falsely conscious of their social positions." The individual, Mr. Mills goes on, "can understand his own experience and gauge his own fate only by locating himself within his period." To effect this *tour de force* he stands in need of theory. Conversely, Dr. Niebuhr is ready enough to concede that "an inquiry into the nature of community on all levels can be valid only if it follows rigorous empirical procedures in distinguishing the contingent and the novel from the permanent and the perennial in history." On the face of it, this degree of mutual comprehension looks very promising indeed. With philosophers preaching the need for empirical investigation, and sociologists calling for theoretical imagination, the promised land appears to be in sight.

If in actual fact this agreement turns out to be more formal than real, one should not place all the blame on the participants in this particular debate. After all, the problem is a long-standing one. Are there regularities in history, and if so, can they be formulated in an unambiguous manner? Comte and Mill, as well as Marx, were concerned with this question, and despite the now fashionable railing against "historicism" on the part of some influential writers, modern historians and sociologists have continued to trouble themselves over it. "If we can grasp what John Stuart Mill called the 'principia media' of a society," writes Mr. Mills, "if we can grasp its major trends, in brief, if we can understand the structural transformation of our epoch, we might have 'a basis for prediction.'" The "structural transformation of our epoch" is likewise the subject of Dr. Niebuhr's essay. Though widely differing in their conclusions—conservative in Dr. Niebuhr's case, radical in that of Mr. Mills—they agree in their manner of defining the problem. They may also be said to concur in seeing the pitfall of "ideology," i.e., "false consciousness," placed unwittingly in the service of a political cause.

Yet Dr. Niebuhr's handling of this explosive theme is somewhat hesitant, and where he does approach it he tends to oversimplification. "Are the principles both of liberal democracy and of Marxism, of the 'equal sovereignty' of all nations embodied in the charter of the League of Nations and now repeated in every statement of Soviet policy, merely a fraud?" he asks; "or do they express valid principles of equal justice which the incidence of irrelevant coagulations of power is bound to contradict in both domestic and foreign policy?" This manner of posing the question leaves no alternative other than the choice between unprincipled *Realpolitik* or commitment to ab-

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stract "principles of equal justice." But what if someone should suggest that these "principles" are "valid" because they reflect the permanent interests of the world community? Such interests are "material" and "moral" at the same time; they may assert themselves (as they did against the gangster regime of Hitler Germany) for the simple reason that international gangsterism is not in fact practicable in the long run. Does that constitute proof of the existence of a moral order inherent in the nature of things? Yes, provided the "moral" is not thought of as being in opposition to the "material." The trouble with most idealist philosophers is that they are reluctant to draw this conclusion. The appeal to disembodied principles—supposed to be of a "higher" order than "mere" concrete reality—takes precedence over the aim of showing that reality is so constituted as to guarantee some semblance of order and rationality; while the Marxists—having forgotten their Hegel—oblige their idealist critics by falling into the opposite extreme of cynical relativism. The outcome is what the French call a "dialogue of the deaf."

Mr. Mills is no relativist, but here and there he comes close to sounding like one. His tough-minded pragmatism makes it easy for him to spot the current misuse of seemingly neutral theoretical constructions. "Grand theory," he says in a none too veiled reference to the official school of academic sociology, ". . . has no direct bureaucratic utility; its political meaning is ideological, and such use as it may have lies there." Meaning, one may suppose, that the effect of such theory is to confirm the defenders of the status quo in their faith. Since his own inclinations are critical and iconoclastic, he sees well enough that all static systems of thought are necessarily conservative, whatever the private notions of their authors. He is less well placed to define the function of radical criticism—his own included. "He was of the devil's party without knowing it," Blake said of Milton. Mr. Mills knows it very well, but perhaps needs an extra ounce of sociological imagination in order to perceive that he is doing what the British radicals did in the age when Britain was great: performing the essential function of a permanent opposition, which by its very existence and the vigor of its criticism helps the "Establishment" to perpetuate itself. Once this has been grasped, it becomes obvious why (in Dr. Niebuhr's terminology) a successful imperial power requires an anti-imperialist ideology. Paradoxical? Perhaps. At any rate British experience is there to confirm it. Now that the United States has risen to world status, the old innocence will no longer do, but there is no need to lapse into cynicism. After all, some things *are* worth preserving!

The principles of historical understanding are themselves meta-historical. It is the strength of Dr. Niebuhr's position that he realizes this, as it is the weakness of an empiricist like Mr. Mills that he fails to see it. The trouble is that from this realization Dr. Niebuhr proceeds immediately to a reconstruction of political thought, neglecting the intermediate stages and arriving in a breathless rush amidst the commonplaces of public oratory. His restatement of Natural Law doctrine ignores the genuine advance made in historical thinking since history was discovered to have a logic of its own. He is therefore old-fashioned and, for all his concern with current affairs, curiously naive in his critique of what he supposes to be the Marxian concept. This is best done by confronting Leninist theory with Soviet practice, and with the changing reality beyond the borders of the USSR. In this respect radicals like Mr. Mills, who share some of the more optimistic assumptions of the Enlightenment with the heirs of Lenin, are better placed than conservatives like Dr. Niebuhr. To be effective, the critique of Communism must demonstrate its practicality. The more it concentrates on "changing the world," the less it has to fear from the rigid and old-fashioned doctrines to which the Soviet camp remains committed. Since the ideological frontiers in the cold war show signs of becoming permanent, it is to be hoped that the debate will increasingly turn upon points which impinge directly on the fading ability of Soviet Marxism to give a coherent account of itself.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The New Yorker

To the Editor of Commentary:

I would like to ask you a few questions about Hilton Kramer's article on the *New Yorker.* (August) which I have just read. Is it a "drawing-room publication" that would throw out everything in the magazine to run in full John Hersey's article on Hiroshima? During the Second World War one of the editors of the New York *Times* told me that the war reporting in the *New Yorker* was on a plane which he wished the *Times* would emulate, since it related the reporting of the war with the social and economic conditions against which it was fought. Is Mr. Salinger a drawing-room comedian? The letters from Paris, from London, indeed from all over the world—are they provincial? Was Rebecca West's reportage on the Greenville Lynching Trial removed from reality? Are Dwight Macdonald and Richard Rovere provincial? Was it a removal from reality for the *New Yorker* to send Edmund Wilson to Israel to write "The Dead Sea Scrolls," which has since been acknowledged by scholars to be a pioneering work in this vast new field of Biblical research? Were the articles on the Puerto Ricans in New York, on juvenile delinquency, on the Ford Foundation—these come to mind at random but the list might be indefinitely expanded—characteristic of "an image of life that is provincial, adolescent, and at several removes from reality"?

Mr. Thurber's book is an exercise in self-exploitation at the expense of Ross and the magazine which employed him and this Mr. Kramer did not have the wit to see. There is a true book to be done on Ross, and one day it will be written. To use, as Mr. Kramer does, the episode of the suicide of Ross's secretary as a symbol of what goes on in the *New Yorker* earns him some undreamed of rating for ineptitude and malice. Mr. Kramer is either ignorant—I can scarcely believe that he has read with any consistency the magazine he denounces—or perverse. But then it is easy to spot Mr. Kramer. It has become fashionable, I am told, among certain writers to pursue the avocation of *New Yorker*-baiting. It is amusing to observe that when these people do find something in the magazine to praise—in Mr. Kramer's case Edmund Wilson's literary articles—they do so as if the praiseworthy item had nothing whatever to do with the *New Yorker* editorial policy, and had appeared somewhere else! But the simple fact is that nothing will appease these critics because they find the *New Yorker* unforgivable on two grounds. If it were merely successful they might just manage to bear it; what deeply roils them, what they can't forgive, is that it is also good.

S. N. Behrman

New York City

Mr. Kramer *writes*:

For a man who jumps so quickly to accusations of ignorance and malice, Mr. Behrman is not a very attentive reader. I did not use "the episode of the suicide of Ross's secretary as a symbol of what goes on in the *New Yorker*"—that is Mr. Behrman's contribution. I suggested that the way Ross's secretary chose to spend the money swindled from Ross showed that "He was clearly living out the fantasy life of ease and comfort . . . which the *New Yorker* works so hard to inspire in its readers." One may argue this point, but not, I think, by distorting it into something else.

Mr. Behrman puts together an impressive resumé of the *New Yorker's* reportage. It was a mistake on my part not to mention this aspect of the magazine, but I daresay it does not change anything I *did* say. Moreover, I doubt if everyone will be quite as impressed with this list of names as Mr. Behrman assumes. Surely Mr. Dwight Macdonald has been on an intellectual vacation at the *New Yorker,* a vacation which looks more and more like a retirement. When he got up a little of the old steam a couple of years ago to write an attack on the Cozzens myth, he published his essay in Commentary, and it represented a point of view exactly the opposite of that which appeared in the *New Yorker.* I've read Mr. Rovere's amiable Washington Letters; you would never guess from them that we have been living through a major political crisis. In fact, you wouldn't learn much about Washington politics that you couldn't find for your-

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self in a careful reading of the New York *Times*. When Mr. Rovere got round to writing seriously about the late Senator McCarthy, he fired his shot in *Esquire*, not in the *New Yorker*.

Let me underscore the point I made in my article: that the *New Yorker* suffers from the "divided, slightly schizophrenic outlook . . . which necessarily characterizes any publication or individual who feigns an interest in cultural matters without the curiosity or capacity to face them squarely on their own terms . . ." On one side of this division there are contributions which earn our respect; I named some, and Mr. Behrman names others. But on the other side there is precisely the phony sophistication which I spoke of, and which Mr. Thurber's memoir traces so clearly to Ross's own journalistic tastes. The fact that Mr. Behrman, even in the heat of his letter, cannot bring himself to defend these examples of phoniness means, I think, that he too sees this fundamental division in the magazine, even if he refuses to recognize it openly.

The Statistics of Poverty

To the Editor of Commentary:

Although I am in sympathy with Michael Harrington's plea for the poor ("Our Fifty Million Poor," July), I feel duty-bound, as a student of income distribution, to correct some glaring errors in his account. The major point Harrington makes is that the fight against poverty in the United States has not made much headway during the past generation and that a very large proportion of our population—perhaps as much as one-third of the nation—is living at "substandard" levels. . . .

Yet it is not true, as Harrington charges, that "The statistics of poverty remained at about 1949 levels up to 1956." The figures below, drawn from official government sources and compiled by leading experts, show that we have made great strides in the reduction of poverty. The number of families and individuals with incomes under $3,000 has been reduced by 8 million since 1929, whereas the total number of families and individuals has increased by 18 million; in other words, despite a 50 per cent increase in the total number of families and individuals, the number with incomes under $3,000 has been reduced by one-third. The proportions, which analytically are the more meaningful figures, show that two out of three families and individuals had incomes under $3,000 in 1929, as compared with less than one out of three in 1958. I must stress that the dollars shown are adjusted for price changes so that the effects of inflation have been taken into account. The figures are also adjusted for various deficiencies inherent in the procedures used to collect the underlying data. . . . The income level under $3,000 has been selected because that is the one suggested by Harrington as representing a more or less minimum level of adequacy. . . .

Families and Unattached Individuals by Income Level in 1950 Dollars: 1929 to 1958

Year	Total number, all income levels (millions)	Under $3,000	
		Number (millions)	Percent of total
1929	36.1	24.3	67
1935-36	38.4	26.7	69
1941	41.4	22.1	54
1944	40.9	14.9	37
1950	48.9	19.4	40
1957	53.5	16.1	30
1958	54.3	16.8	31

Source: Data for 1929-1957 from *Historical Statistics of the United States—Colonial Times to 1957* to be published later this year by the Bureau of the Census; for 1957 and 1958, Office of Business Economics records underlying the data shown in *Survey of Current Business, April* 1959.

Harrington claims that in 1957 and 1958 "the numbers of poor have increased and some of the progress made previously toward minimum standards has been wiped out." [But the] number of families and individuals with incomes under $3,000 was lower in these two years than for any of the other years shown, with the exception of 1944. The proportion at these levels was markedly lower in 1957-58 than at any other time in the past thirty years.

Harrington concludes that in 1956 nearly one-third of the families and individuals had incomes "below prevailing standards of adequacy." This number is consistent with an estimate I made for 1946 (*Income of the American People*, Wiley and Sons), and it corresponds to the estimates which were made during the depression in 1935 when about one-third of the nation's families were considered ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. The similarity of these estimates leads one to wonder to what extent hidden forces are at work either in the form of price relationships or in our definitions of adequacy which keep our standards abreast of our incomes in such a way as to give the impression that a relatively large and constant proportion of our families are living at substandard levels. . . .

Herman P. Miller

Bureau of the Census
Washington, D. C.

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To the Editor of Commentary:

Michael Harrington's interesting and otherwise careful work is marred in two spots by misinterpretation of data. Proper interpretation of these data would yield even more striking results than he has obtained. . . .

1. Harrington states: "The very poor tend to have fewer wage earners than the lower middle class. . . . The aged and infirm relatives of the poor are part of this story; children are another." Of course, the *whole* of the story is that a family in which three people are working will have a greater income than if only one person works. . . . Harrington thus fails to note an important reason for the increase in the number of middle-income families: the working wife. . . . The less money a man makes, the more likely it is that his wife will be in the labor force. About 30 per cent of women whose husbands made under $3,000 in 1951 were in the labor force, compared to only 15 per cent of those whose husbands made $5,000-$7,000. . . . This contrast was even more marked where there were young children in the family.

Thus, in 1949, there were nearly 4 million families with incomes of $6,000 to $10,000. But there were only 1.4 million *family-heads* with that much income. Roughly two-thirds of the families in this middle-income group would drop out of it if they had to live on the income of the family-head alone.

And the poor? There were 18.7 million families in 1949 with incomes under $3,000. But there were 24.1 million *family-heads* with incomes that low or lower. Thus, some 5.4 million families were kept above the water-level by wives or children who worked.

2. Harrington later makes a similar error when he states: "The poor are more susceptible to disease of all kinds, and they are thus more likely to lose pay or their jobs because of illness." . . . For the most part, however, these people are in low-income brackets because they are ill, rather than being ill because they have low incomes.

Another important point here escapes the author. Salaried workers generally have higher incomes than wage workers. The salaried worker is paid for the time he is ill; the wage worker is not. Thus the costs of illness are much higher for the wage worker than for the salaried worker. . . . The "blue collar" worker not only suffers from low income but also from extremely insecure income. . . . In the boom year 1955, strikes directly affected 2.6 million workers, about half of whom lost more than a week's pay; in the same year, close to 6 million full-time workers were unemployed at one time or another; and in the same year, over 3 million full-time workers lost more than three weeks of work due to illness. Thus strikes, illnesses, and unemployment affected the incomes of perhaps 10 million "blue collar" workers. . . .

Herman Roseman

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Michael Harrington has performed a great public service in his excellent inventory of the nature and causes of poverty. . . . [Nevertheless] I should like to register a dissent with one aspect of Harrington's piece, namely . . . his remark that "The very poor have a spiritual ally in the labor movement—but, after all the election returns are in and all the legislative compromises made, the alliance has not been of substantial help in the last two decades."

. . . I would be the last to claim that the labor movement has done all it could have done to further the elimination of poverty, but I do believe that there has been no more effective ally of the poor during these decades, and—perhaps more important—that the labor movement will continue to be a major factor in the development of that "new, deeper impulse in our political life" that Harrington desires.

It is true, of course, that the labor movement . . . does have primary obligations to its own members and to its own immediate goals. It is not immune from the ambivalence common to most individuals, social groups, and nations—how to balance off the concept of "charity begins at home" with that of the Good Samaritan. In the legislative field, this conflict is frequently resolved in favor of "home." Should labor refuse to work for any extension of the minimum wage law until farm laborers can be included, too? This would be an honorable position—but at the expense of millions of retail workers and laundry workers and telephone operators. . . .

Harrington states that "unions are, obviously, most concerned with legislation which aids the organized." However, a very small part indeed of labor's total legislative program affects organized workers as such. Even labor relations legislation is more important in its effects on organizing new workers than in its meaning for organized groups. The Taft-Hartley Act, which practically put a halt to further organization, deprived many workers of the economic gains which they might otherwise have made. . . . [Not] too many years ago clothing workers, steel workers, and coal miners were among the poorest of our citizens. And only this year, the AFL-CIO was subsidizing a strike against laundries in Alabama paying 20¢ an hour! . . .

In every one of the major aspects of poverty

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discussed by Harrington—old age, health, education, housing, migratory labor, racial discrimination—the trade unions have formulated and supported policies aimed at correction of the situation. In each of these areas, of course, there are active groups working for their respective objectives . . . [but] none of these groups would have had even the partial success they have had if it were not for the contributions of the labor movement. . . .

The country reads about it on page one when George Meany answers the President on labor reform legislation. But few people know about it when a labor representative buttonholes members of an appropriations committee to urge the expansion of the Mexican "wetback" labor enforcement program, or to appropriate another 100 million dollars for cancer or heart research, or another million dollars for the rural library program. In the next few months, we hope to enlist the efforts of tens of thousands of local labor officials and staffers in support of the Forand bill, a proposal to bring health benefits to retired persons. Efforts to improve and expand the surplus foods program, to obtain federal aid for school construction—these and many other things constitute labor's day-in-day-out activities. . . .

Both Harrington and I may miss the social idealism, the eloquent speeches, the philosophical declarations that once made up the image of the labor movement. There may be too much "business unionism" in the labor movement today, but the business of unions still is the elimination of poverty and insecurity—both on the job and in the community at large. . . .

HYMAN H. BOOKBINDER
Legislative Representative, AFL-CIO
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Harrington *writes*:

I have little argument with Mr. Roseman or Mr. Bookbinder. I agree with Mr. Bookbinder that the labor movement is the best ally of the poor, that major change will only take place with massive support by organized workers, etc. But the fact remains that, in the past decade, what the unions were able to achieve for their members far outweighs what union legislative action achieved for the poor; this is not the particular "fault" of the unions, but one more fact about the dreary, immediate political past. Mr. Roseman's point about working wives is an important one and affects, as we shall see, the figures submitted by Mr. Miller. As for illness, it and poverty have a reciprocal relationship: the poor do become ill more frequently because they live in tenements. When Asian flu hit New York several years ago, it did so on a social-class basis, striking Harlem and the Lower East Side hardest.

Mr. Miller's extended critique merits careful attention. He substantiates, in effect, the main theme of my article. His figures for 1958 show 31 per cent of the nation's family units with incomes under $3,000 (in 1950 dollars); I used the figure of fifty million people, and estimated a percentage somewhere between a quarter and a third.

If there is agreement on this point, there is some misunderstanding on another. Mr. Miller strenuously affirms that the United States has made much headway in the fight against poverty since 1929. This I would not deny; I attempted to concentrate on the postwar period of prosperity, during which the solid core of poverty persisted. Mr. Miller's figures reflect the striking gains of the unionization wave and other social reforms of the New Deal, as well as the booms of two wars. The growth in family income between 1929 and 1959 also reflects a massive shift from the farm to the city (where the rise in income is somewhat illusory), and also reflects, as Mr. Roseman indicates, a substantial rise in the number of working wives and mothers.

Yet, even with these qualifications, the statistical shift portrayed by Mr. Miller is great, and not at all in conflict with my main argument. My point was that the great strides in national prosperity in recent decades, familiar to all of us, have least affected certain categories of people (non-white, semi-skilled, migrant workers, the aged, etc.), and that the affluent society has failed to eliminate a "pocket" of some fifty million poor. These people, I tried to show, exist in a culture of poverty which is to a certain extent beyond the impact of increases in national income and of various welfare programs. To point, as Mr. Miller does, to another group of people who have gained since 1929, rounds out the picture, but it does not change the incredible social fact of poverty in America today.

I continue to hold that poverty did increase as a result of the recent recession. A leading authority, Selma Goldsmith, has demonstrated conclusively (in the April 1959 *Survey of Current Business*) that the number of families and unattached individuals earning less than $2,000 was substantially higher in 1957 and 1958 than in 1956.

Mr. Miller's closing remarks on the relativity of our standards of adequacy are just. Of course, our norms are socially determined; in the 19th century, the Tories in England argued that a mill-hand of that time was better off than a medieval knight. My article was based

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on the assumption that living standards at the lowest-income levels should improve as the social product expands.

The amazing fact remains: nearly one-third of the American people (or, as Mr. Miller has it, 31 per cent) live beneath the recognized standards of adequacy—and this in the most prosperous society the world has ever known.

Chivalry and the Shtetl

To the Editor of Commentary:

Though Jacob Sloan's delightful translation of the retelling of the Bovo [Boba] tale by J. I. Trunk (Cedars of Lebanon, July and August) is admirable in its fidelity to the text and the spirit of the original, I'm afraid that Mr. Sloan's introduction may have confused some of your readers as to what is in fact the original. Mr. Trunk's *Bovo-mayseh* bears about the same relationship to Elijah Bochur's [Bahur] *Bovo-buch* as Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* to his Old Testament sources. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* is much closer to Mallory than Trunk to Bochur.

Bochur's *Bovo-buch* was based on the Italian version of the English romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton. It differed from the Christian versions by dwelling less on battles and more on moral and ethical comment, but essentially it was a straightforward version of the adventurous and chivalric exploits of its hero. Bochur's fame rests largely on the mastery of *ottava rima* (abababcc) and on his dramatic artistry.

Trunk's *Bovo-mayseh* is a very different matter. Using the bare outline of Elijah Bochur's plot and his leading characters, Trunk set himself the task of bringing the medieval world of knighthood into a 19th-century *shtetl* in Poland. Instead of introducing Jewish values into knightly romances, as Bochur did with his mildly humorous moralism, Trunk, with an extraordinary sense of the grotesque, brings the outlandish culture of medieval chivalry into the *shtetl*. In his introduction Trunk says that he wanted to suggest the point of view of a writer who is so completely immersed in Jewishness that "everything that happens in the world . . . from the First Adam to the Messiah's coming, happens only and always within the limits of Jewish life and the Jewish conception of the world."

The great comic effect, and the deliberately distorted Biblical and Talmudic phrases to which Mr. Sloan refers, are Trunk's and not Bochur's. The Queen's sitting *shiva* for the king she has murdered is Trunk's conception; the incident does not appear in Bochur or in any of the subsequent versions of the Bova tale that are mere linguistic revisions. Trunk's *Bovo-mayseh* is a complete recreation.

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

New York City

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Judaism in the Hellenistic World*

MOSES HADAS

UNTIL a century ago the interval between the classical ages of Greece and Rome, which then received the designation Hellenistic, was a barren stretch despised and neglected by classical, and ignored by Jewish, scholars. But the Hellenistic age has a special claim upon the attention of both, and of historians of culture generally. The centuries after Alexander are a focal juncture in cultural history because it was then that elements from East and West interacted upon one another to determine the contours and directions European civilization would take.

The most effective vehicle for transmitting the product of the interaction was religion, and in the first instance Judaism; and the period which impressed Judaism's historical characteristics upon it was the Hellenistic. Later in the period, to be sure, certain Greek strands were recognized as dangerous to survival and systematically deprecated, but the Judaism which purists then sought to protect had already been deeply touched by the Hellenistic experience. And finally, aside from the antiquarianism of objective scholarship, the experience of the Jewish people in the Hellenistic age is of immediate relevance, as no intervening experience has been, for dealing with problems which confront the Jewish people in our own time. For it was in the Hellenistic age that Jews first encountered and came to terms with Europe; the responses then devised to the challenge of surviving as a permanent minority in a dominant environment may still offer useful precept and example.

But, by corollary, contemporary parallels make objectivity difficult. It is tempting, when sources are ambiguous and events susceptible to diverse interpretations, to warp them to a particular prejudice, and it is doubly tempting when the sources are already prejudiced, as the major ones for the Greco-Roman period are. To counter distortions and fill out glaring lacunae requires mastery of the general history of the period and meticulous scrutiny of an enormous mass of subsidiary material—incidental notices in a wide variety of literature, archaeological evidence, inscriptions, and especially papyri; a bill of sale or a tax receipt may well prove a corrective to the smooth story of the historian or at least fill its interstices with the stuff of life. To control this material and its interpretation requires a lifetime, and the late Victor Tcherikover worked at the task during his entire adult career with competence and unremitting diligence. We must be grateful that he lived to complete his book. With its professed limitations (it excludes systematic treatment of literary and religious history), it is easily our best book on the subject.

Because it is an original work on an intricate subject, where inaccuracies and the bias of previous writers, ancient and modern, must be cleared away, it cannot be an easy book to read. The only way to correct facile generalizations is to resort to facts, and this requires pages of adducing and meticulous weighing of evidence to establish correct chronologies and relationships. To sit at the elbow of a master craftsman and with him discern the sources of error, so often rooted in theological premises or simple anti-Semitism, has its own fascination; it is no less fascinating to see a man with definite religious and political convictions of his own resolutely making the discovery of truth his paramount objective.

*A review of *Hellenistic Civilization and the Jews*, by Victor Tcherikover (translated by S. Applebaum), Jewish Publication Society of America, 566 pp., $6.00.

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Tcherikover's independence is apparent throughout his book. He is without peer in exploiting the evidence of the papyri (of which he himself produced a learned corpus) to illuminate social and economic history, and especially that of the 3rd century B.C.E., upon which our usual sources are silent. If nothing else, these sections make it clear that the Jews were not exclusively concerned with religion, as the older histories make them appear to be.

On the central event of the Maccabean insurrection he is able to set forth the motivation and aims of the participants, both of the Hellenizing and pietist factions and of Antiochus IV, without passion or partisanship. He clarifies class and regional factors and shows how the religious factor was involved. The anti-religious edicts of Antiochus were not the cause of rebellion but its consequence. But within half a century the tie between Hasmoneans and commoners under the banner of religion was broken; ultimately the rank and file with their freer interpretation of Scripture prevailed over the dynasty, which was indistinguishable from other princely houses of the Near East seeking to maintain independent sovereignty.

How did Judaism survive in the Diaspora? Through communal organization, on the analogy of the survival of Hellenism through the organization of *poleis*, though Techerikover suggests no causal nexus between the two. He includes Palestine in the Hellenistic world, but maintains that Palestine controlled the religious temper of the Diaspora by broadcasting such devotional works as Judith and Esther. Aside from the fact that Judith could not have been written without Greek models and that the Palestinian provenience of Esther is far from certain, it is quite possible that pietist groups in Palestine could address their pietist fellows abroad without affecting the entire community. Aristeas and Philo also speak for only a segment of their respective communities, but their evidence of Diaspora independence of Palestinian religious attitudes and controls cannot be brushed aside. Ben Sira can indeed be cited for its criticism of aristocratic godlessness and for its generally conservative view; but its very conservatism and its date (early 2nd century B.C.E.) give it particular value as disinterested evidence of the penetration of essentially Greek outlooks. No book in the Apocrypha is more Attic in tone.

On the much vexed question whether Jews possessed citizen rights in the Greek *poleis*, Tcherikover states unequivocally that they did not, as communities. Individuals, especially in Alexandria, may have secured such rights by one means or another, chiefly by obtaining admission to gymnasia; communities as such could not be granted citizenship because, there being nothing like modern separation between church and state, citizenship entailed religious observances impossible for Judaism to countenance. It was the Jewish claim to certain privileges, without the corresponding obligations, which, Tcherikover suggests, was the principal cause of friction that produced anti-Semitism. Here, perhaps, the Israeli scholar who is so acute in perceiving prejudice as the source of generalizations may be unaware of his own prejudices. "The inner quality of anti-Semitism," he writes, "arises from the very existence of the Jewish people as an alien body among the nations. The alien character of the Jews is the central cause of the origin of anti-Semitism." Elsewhere Tcherikover is more circumspect.

Cultural reciprocity falls outside the scope of this book but is inevitably touched upon. Tcherikover properly deflates exaggerated estimates of the populousness of the Diaspora, which has been considered a factor in its influence upon the general environment. But his depreciation of the Hellenistic Greeks, based upon an essentially romantic conviction of the immeasurable superiority of the 5th century, results in undervaluing the Greek influence. The analogy to "Levantine Europeans" is unfortunate on several counts. Actually, not all 5th-century Athenians were Sophocles, and it is significant that Sophocles was studied in the gymnasia which Greeks established everywhere in the Hellenistic world. Egyptian Greeks may have been benighted by 5th-century Athenian standards, but papyrus discoveries show that a little town like Oxyrhynchus possessed a well-used library that would do credit to a small college.

All that these or other minor quibbles can show, however, is that no scholar (and no reviewer) can get out of his skin. Tcherikover's book comes closer to the mathematician's impartiality than any work in its field, and will long remain fundamental for further study and investigation. It is a worthy monument to the gentle and unassuming scholar whose colleagues the world over are grateful and proud that he was of their guild.

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The Triumph of Evolution

DARWIN AND THE DARWINIAN REVOLUTION. By GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB. Doubleday. 480 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

EIGHTEEN FIFTY-NINE was the *annus mirabilis* of the 19th-century intellectual revolution. It saw the publication of Mill's *Liberty*, Marx's *Political Economy*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Men looked back on it as the year which opened up the disastrous cleft between religion and science: a cleft illuminated in England by the appearance, the next year, of *Essays and Reviews*, which split the Anglican Church and roused the backwoods clergy against the "infidel" Establishment. Miss Himmelfarb tells us she began by contemplating a book on 1859, but has ended by concentrating on Darwin, who in many ways was the central figure in it. She has done so, in part, because she soon discovered "how faulty and superficial were the conventional ideas about the man and the book." Her own book is an important study not only of Darwin and Darwinism but, through them, of the scientific revolution of the 19th century.

Darwin's life was simple enough: it is also well documented. Born into a prosperous middle-class family, the grandson of a well-known poet and scientist much praised in the 18th century, much derided in the 19th, he had an entirely conventional education, showed few intellectual interests, gave up the idea of becoming a country doctor through lack of vocation after his first studies at Edinburgh, obtained a low pass-degree at Cambridge, and finally was destined by his father, who despaired of him as an idle sportsman interested only in "shooting, dogs, and ratcatching," for a country living in the Established Church. Then suddenly, in 1831, came the wonderful opportunity, the beginning, as Darwin himself called it, of his second life, the invitation (for at Cambridge he had become an amateur naturalist) to sail around the world as naturalist on board *H.M.S. Beagle*.

The whole story of that extraordinary chance, as Darwin tells it, makes wonderful reading. For five years, he visited remote parts of the world under the command of an irascible, fundamentalist aristocrat, Captain Fitzroy. Then he returned and retired into matrimony, affluence, Victorian parsimony, and perpetual invalidity, to meditate, in rural Kent, on the problem of species.

Out of this seclusion—after eight years devoted to the study of 10,000 barnacles—burst the bombshell which shattered Victorian complacency, split the Church, drove believers to despair, and caused Karl Marx to offer to Darwin, as a fellow revolutionary, the English translation of *Capital*. This last honor Darwin modestly declined: it would pain his family, he said, if he were connected with so atheistic a book. And so he lived on, respected and respectable. His heresies were horrible, and he did not conceal them. In *The Descent of Man*, he declared, in the most factual manner, that we descend from "a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits" and ultimately from something very much less dignified, like the larva of a mollusc. But when he died, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with universal approval, and was not even placed (like his grandfather) on that incomparable roll of genius, the Index of the Roman Church.

Of course it was not really as simple as that: it never is. The protective piety of his family (or rather, of his wife and daughter) has now been pierced, and Darwin's own faults of memory or errors of reconstruction have been corrected. Miss Himmelfarb is particularly skillful at such correction. Where Darwin looked back for the origin of the *Origin*, and found it in the voyage of the *Beagle*, she works scrupulously forward from the *Beagle* and finds no such thing. Where the Victorians looked back for the revolution which shattered their faith and arrived at Darwin, she looks forward from Buffon and Hutton and finds Darwin not at the beginning but at the end of the revolution: "that there was a Darwinian revolution, there is little doubt. But what kind of a revolution was it that was so generously prepared for beforehand and so strongly resisted afterwards? . . . many of his enemies must have agreed with Butler: 'Buffon planted, Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck watered; but it was Mr. Darwin who said, "That fruit is ripe" and shook it into his lap.'"

This is not, of course, to deny Darwin's genius, but it is to see it in a new light. What Miss Himmelfarb most clearly shows is Darwin's marvelous fertility in theorizing. Darwin thought that he proceeded from observation, believed, in retrospect, that his observations in

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South America had put into his mind the idea of natural selection. In fact, Miss Himmelfarb points out, all his observations in South America had been directed toward geology, not zoology. But he was (as his own son remarked) "charged with theorizing power ready to flow into any channel on the slightest disturbance, so that no fact, however small, could avoid releasing a stream of theory"; and afterwards—to be precise, in 1837—he thought, a priori, of his theory, and having written a first theoretical sketch of it in 1842, turned back to his South American experiences to find, there as elsewhere, a multitude of facts on which to rest it. To be fair, this is generally the way of genius: perhaps the only way. But it does no harm to see it documented.

Miss Himmelfarb documents it very thoroughly. The hypothetical nature of Darwin's reasoning is exposed by her, at times, with almost as much subtlety and virtuosity as she discovers in him. She shows how powerfully Darwin was influenced by Malthus: the intellectual stimulant which also inspired Wallace almost to forestall Darwin with the same theory. She shows how evolution, as distinct from natural selection, was accepted by most scientists before Darwin, and how the mutability of species, by other means than natural selection, had been advanced before him. Having thus carefully limited Darwin's originality, she shows how his own thesis fails by every applicable test, and how it was defended by Darwin with reasons so abstruse, so hypothetical, and so contradictory that in the end, even by his own admission, there was little left, and the "Darwinism" which he ended by establishing was not his own theory of natural selection but the theory of evolution which he had merely assumed and illustrated. In this victory—for undoubtedly it was a victory—it must be added that he was helped as much by the intellectual bankruptcy of his opponents as by his own strength. The theory of creation was a weak adversary for the massive forces of evolution, given temporary form and motion by the novel but inessential theory of natural selection.

Miss Himmelfarb's presentation of Darwinism as a "conservative revolution," though no less interesting and illuminating, seems to me less persuasive, or at least less clear. Her argument seems to be that Darwin did not open, but closed, the battle for a scientific instead of a theological interpretation of the origin of man. The 1830's and 1840's, she points out, were not a golden age of faith: in fact they were years in which science—pre-Darwinian science—had already shaken the foundations of faith. She points out that in the 1840's Tennyson, that intellectual barometer, was the poet of religious doubt; she quotes Froude's eloquent passage on the spiritual anguish of the 1840's when, "All round us, the intellectual lightships had broken from their moorings, and it was then a new and trying experience. The present generation which has grown up in an open spiritual ocean, which has got used to it and has learned to swim for itself, will never know what it was to find the lights all drifting, the compasses all awry, and nothing left to steer by except the stars"; and she is both subtle and entertaining whenever she deals with the "esoteric" honesty and "aristocratic" ambiguities of Darwin's great teacher and friend, Lyell.

Into this ferment Darwin advanced boldly, making no concessions to religious orthodoxy but making no explicit attacks on it; in the end he found that he had won—at least for evolution—a victory so final that even religion

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sought to absorb rather than reject it. "The *Origin*," says Miss Himmelfarb, "was the cataclysm that broke up the crust of conventional opinion. It expressed and dramatized what men had obscurely felt. More than this, it legitimized what they felt." (It also, less legitimately, provided a general philosophical or anthropological background to various un-Victorian or anti-Victorian political theories.) Whether this—if I have correctly understood the argument—can properly be described as a "conservative" and not merely a victorious revolution, I am not sure.

But however that may be, it is an argument which has enabled Miss Himmelfarb to deploy a wonderful range of knowledge and ideas. This is—I am glad to say—a long book, and never dull. The width of Miss Himmelfarb's interests is extraordinary—necessarily so, for Darwin's impact in the intellectual world was universal: it affected religion, science, literature, philosophy, politics. Miss Himmelfarb (as her book on Lord Acton shows) can illuminate all these; and this book is a worthy commemoration of that universal impact.

Popular Sociology

THE STATUS SEEKERS. By VANCE PACKARD. McKay. 376 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

BY NOW both social scientists and ordinary book critics have had their say about Vance Packard's latest exercise in popular sociology. In general, lay reviewers have been favorable; sociologists have been critical.

In *Partisan Review* Lewis Coser convicted Mr. Packard of numerous sins, among them False Knowingness, Homogenization of Facts, Fake Precision, and Stimulus and Reward. Thus, locutions like "political sociologist Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia University" are partly identifications, but mainly hints of special knowledge on the part of the author. (Mr. Packard does love authorities. I was entertained to find myself quoted as "Economist Lekachman," especially since the quotation was a commonplace which in no way depended on any economic expertise I might possess.) In his readiness to draw large inferences, Mr. Packard indeed homogenizes the facts. The care he displays in putting dollar tags on each status symbol imparts spurious precision to subtle phenomena. Finally, Mr. Packard loves alternately to alarm and reassure his readers. Think, he cries, of all the "hidden barriers" which threaten you and your child. But, soothes the author, if we reflect a little we can amend our attitudes and improve our practices. (Save to remind his readers that he also wrote *The Hidden Persuaders*, this talk of hidden barriers must have no purpose other than making the flesh creep. Social, racial, and religious barriers are real enough, but what Negro or Jew finds them hidden?)

But Mr. Coser is mild in comparison to S. M. Lipset, writing in the *Reporter*. Although Mr. Packard admires and quotes Mr. Lipset, the latter fails to return the compliment. Mr. Lipset summarizes the book's four major theses as claims that Americans are more worried than they used to be about their social status; that it has become more difficult to move from one social class to another since 1940 than it was before then; that, as a result, the lower classes feel more deprived than ever despite a larger supply of material possessions; and that anxious Americans try to allay their fears by frantic conformity to the mores of their own group. On each count, declares Mr. Lipset, either the author is wrong or his case is unproven. How can the lower classes feel more deprived if, as the evidence tends to show, their jobs please them more now than in 1946? Is our class structure increasingly rigid? Actually, the social origins of business leaders have altered rather little in the last one hundred and fifty years; opportunity throughout our history has been distributed according to social class. Do the Dutch, the Danes, and the English make it easier than we do to move from one class to another? Mr. Lipset offers his own conclusion that the comparative rates of social mobility are about the same in the four countries.

How does college education influence our class structure? Mr. Packard makes much of the fact that a college degree is the ticket of admission to the competition for power and affluence in American society. But surely the relevant question is: does a working-class boy find it easier to get a college education now than to rise from errand boy to corporate executive years ago? As Lipset points out, 30 per cent of college students now are of working-class origin. The percentage is bound to rise with soaring enrollments.

I see no reason to challenge the adverse verdicts of Mr. Coser and Mr. Lipset. *The*

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Status Seekers is shoddy social science, in spite of Mr. Packard's efforts to consult the best sources.

YET, in spite of everything that has been said, Mr. Packard has written a continuously interesting book. I write this in full awareness that the style is too breezy, the details blended with the precision of a formula, and the moralizing tedious. (A representative homily: "I think we could feel better about the democratic process as it is practiced in the United States if voters in general would start looking beyond personalities and predispositions, and make searching analyses of the core issues involved and the commitments of the candidates.") Nevertheless, the book conveys all the entertainment of good, relaxed gossip. Partly because we are curious, partly because we are apprehensive, we like to know what the neighbors are up to. If we now tend to live much more among our own kind—teachers among teachers, engineers among engineers, advertising men among advertising men, and so on—our curiosity may be all the more intense.

What kind of houses do Poles dislike? Why do affluent Jews avoid colonial reproductions? While the answers are not earth-shaking, they are fun to read. Poles dislike exposed beams in their new homes because the beams remind them of the barns in the old country. Since no one believes in a Jew's colonial ancestors, he might as well invest in modern design. The curiosity is healthy and the fact that so many of Mr. Packard's fellow Americans share it, suggests a certain sympathy between classes.

Mr. Packard embodies other American traits. Just because he has little sense of the past, he is easily shocked by the present. Although his indignation at social injustice has its naive side, it is possible that too much information about comparative mobility rates diverts the attention from social to statistical problems. His feeling that there is a gap between what is and what ought to be, is clearest in his discussion of the ideal of cross-class friendship. Mr. Packard himself—according to his own status indicators—belongs in either the top class, the affluent, or the next class, the semi-affluent. He deplores the fact that people of his class ignore the people in the three lower classes and confine their friendships to members of their own social set. Speaking pityingly of one of Oscar Butz's snobbish Princeton seniors, he says: "He will never know the exhilaration and fascination of having as friends such colorful and often wonderfully articulate folks as clam diggers, house movers, volunteer fire chiefs, antique salesmen, mental-hospital nurses, bill collectors, farmers, marriage brokers, zoo keepers, divorce lawyers, airline hostesses, rare-bird collectors, and house detectives." Here is a pleasant expression of a standard bit of American folklore—everybody has an interesting tale to tell.

But reality will intrude. Here is Mr. Packard in a darker mood: "In modern America, where especially at the consuming level the masses have to a large extent become the dictators of taste, we have to endure the horrors of our roadside architecture and billboards; our endless TV gun-slinging; our raw, unkempt, blatantly commercialized cities . . . our faceless suburban slums-to-be; our ever-maudlin soap operas." Here is the true upper-class voice—or one of them—speaking. If the masses are vessels of trivial taste, then why should a person of culture curry their favor? Aren't they simply less interesting and less amusing than one's own friends? Perhaps unfairly, I suspect Mr. Packard of feeling that he ought to find his clam diggers and volunteer fire chiefs fascinating, but really prefers other writers, artists, and professional folk. In this feeling, he probably represents the anxieties of a good many successful Americans.

No doubt this book is bad popular sociology

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because it misrepresents its underlying materials, but professional sociologists need not be astonished that Mr. Packard has filled a void. Americans are fascinated by sociology. In some form or other, their demands will be met. Therefore, if social investigators want responsible versions of their findings to be read by publics wider than their colleagues, they had better write them. It is a sign of the need that the most readable sociological book by a professional I have encountered recently is C. Wright Mills's *The Sociological Imagination*. In large part it is an attack on the opaque abstraction and trivial empiricism which mar so much sociological writing. Responsible social students need seriously to undertake the job of writing responsible popular sociology.

Game Without Object?

ON THE GAME OF POLITICS IN FRANCE. By NATHAN LEITES. With a foreword by D. W. Brogan. Stanford University Press. 189 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by A. J. P. TAYLOR

FOR some reason, to me rather mysterious, French politics have an endless fascination for intellectuals. They are a drug, an addiction, a vice. They do not need to be contemporary politics; the politics of the Fronde or the Consulate will do just as well. Burke would never have got so indignant about the French Revolution if it had happened in some other country. Karl Marx wrote three books on French politics. De Tocqueville wrote about them under the guise of writing about *Democracy in America*. It is surprising that there is either time or energy left over to devote to the politics of other countries. And of course there is not much. We all have a quiet life by courtesy of the French, who make such a fuss of what is usually a rather unimportant affair.

There is, however, one odd thing about these books on French politics, old and new. Although extremely entertaining, they do not make their authors, let alone their readers, any the wiser. After all this library of books, virtually no intellectual either foresaw the Fifth Republic or made sense of it when it came. As an outsider in this game, I suspect the whole thing. I think it is laid on by one lot of intellectuals so that another lot of intellectuals can write about it; and no one is allowed to understand it unless admitted to this intellectual freemasonry.

The book by Mr. Leites is certainly an intellectual performance of a high order. It describes the rules of the political game, as played under the Fourth Republic, with detailed ingenuity. It shows how politicians would support a government when they wanted it to fall. It analyzes the art of voting for a proposition which is certain to be defeated, on the firm understanding that you will vote against it if there is any chance that it might succeed. Mr. Leites explains how a politician can refuse office with the expectation that he will be made Prime Minister, or accept office in the secure confidence that he will remain out. Here is the art of placing all the responsibility on one's predecessors and, at the same time, insuring that the next-comers will not play the same trick. Governments planned their own defeats; those who were out refused to defeat those who were in; and everyone waited for events to impose the decisions which no one could resolve to take. All this is demonstrated in the words and acts of French politicians themselves. As straightforward reading, it is extremely entertaining.

AFTER some hours of diversion, doubts begin to emerge. Is the book really anything more than a prolonged joke at the expense of French politicians? Imagine a description of a game of tennis (let alone golf) in which the movements of the players be described without any reference to the object of the game. One would conclude that the two contestants, prancing about, had taken leave of their senses. The acts described in this book also appear senseless. Yet this cannot be the whole explanation. French politicians are intelligent human beings, indeed rather more intelligent than most. Why should they play a game which has no sense or meaning?

Mr. Leites does not attempt to answer this question. There is, running through his book, an underlying contempt for French politicians. Once having depicted them as endlessly busy ants, he seems to assume that he has settled the problem of their behavior. I think he underrates French politicians, past and present. Men go into politics to combine a certain income with some prestige and with a genuine satisfaction that they are performing a patriotic duty. This is true even in France. The poli-

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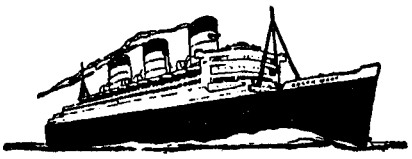
ticians may appear absurd, but the country could not get on without them.

The so-called revolution of May 1958 against the politicians has done no more than slightly modify the system of selection and influence. It is still the politicians who run France—the proof of this being that de Gaulle can leave France for weeks or months at a time without anyone noticing. Indeed, the existence of de Gaulle was a guarantee from the beginning that the "revolution" would not amount to anything. The revolutionaries knew that their agitation would have a peaceful and orderly outcome; and their opponents also knew that it was not worth while opposing the revolution at all strenuously. If de Gaulle had not been available, the one group would not have dared to start a revolution, and the other would not have allowed it to succeed.

There is a simple and obvious reason for this, though Mr. Leites does not get around to it. It is the essence of French politics that nothing should change. The great revolution gave the French all the change they could stomach. Ever afterwards, they have wanted activity without motion; and they had it almost as much in the 19th century as at the present day. The French system guarantees that nothing will ever happen. No one expects anything to happen. No one wants anything to happen. Mr. Leites treats the Communists and the Gaullists as being outside the system; this is a mistake. The Gaullists have already shown that they exist only to give the system a new twist. The Communists are a built-in safety valve, a guarantee that discontent—even when it exists—will achieve nothing.

The only way things can be changed in France is from outside. This happened during the last war. The German conquest changed more in a few weeks than the French had done in a hundred years. But even this was temporary. The Vichy system turned out to be little different from its predecessors, so that now no one can remember whether a politician belonged to Vichy or to the Resistance—except, of course, for de Gaulle, who is not a politician at all.

French politics have looked like this for a long time. The politics of all other countries are coming to have the same character, everything operating in a closed circle. No one seriously supposes that there is any important difference between the Republicans and Democrats, or between the Conservatives and the



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Labor party. Only old-fashioned theorists try to discover significance in the disputes between the various factions in the Soviet Union, or between Khrushchev and Tito. Everyone claims the rewards of office, yet is engaged in shouldering responsibility on to someone else. Responsibility has escaped from human hands; events have taken charge.

It used to be thought, for instance, that human deliberation was necessary in order to provide prosperity. Now we are all prosperous whatever system we try, from Soviet Communism to the West German free-for-all. The politicians have contributed nothing, except to be there. They are as bewildered by the flood of prosperity as they once were by unemployment; or as they will be if the economic system turns round on them again. In the same way, the politicians of every country go on talking about foreign policy, national security, treaty obligations, and so on, as though these things were of the slightest importance. Yet we all suspect that—whatever the politicians do or say—the scientists will go on inventing more and more destructive instruments and that one day, soon, someone will press the button which will end the human race.

How is it possible for a politician to believe, under such conditions, that his activities have any real influence on the future? There is not a single politician in high places anywhere in the world who is capable of understanding the internal-combustion engine, let alone nuclear physics; and the physicists are the slaves of the atoms, not the other way round. So why worry? We are all doing fine and shall go on doing fine until the atoms blow us all up.

Consider once more the French with their political system, apparently so frivolous and so useless. They have modernized their railways; they have the finest hydro-electric installations in the world; they eat and drink better than anyone else. What more could one ask from politicians? Their so-called problems are insoluble under any political system. The problem of Hitler was insoluble by France before the war—the French had to wait for others to solve it for them. The problem of Algeria is insoluble now. Mr. Leites has the old-fashioned simple faith that there is a way out of every difficulty. If he had grasped that nowadays all problems are insoluble, he would have been less contemptuous, though also less entertaining, about French politicians.

A Poet's Self-Portrait

LIFE STUDIES. By ROBERT LOWELL. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 90 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD G. STERN

ROBERT LOWELL'S new book does not pose as a full-fledged autobiography, but even those of the ninety pages which are not explicitly autobiographical are controlled by either the poet's "I" or the themes of loss, violent sexuality, and insanity which are central to the other sections. Lowell's "I" is not the lyric vehicle of passion but the narrator of its own experience. And what experience! Lowell seems to have been and suffered in his own person much of what is said to characterize the century: religious conversion and abandonment, the rebellion and domestication of liberalism accompanied by contempt for the state, the decline of family-in-the-large with its replacement by the family-around-the-hearth, violence, madness, what have you. Lapsed Catholic convert, scion of great American (and almost, I think, great Boston) families, "fire-breathing C.O.," semi-socialist stalwart of Beacon Hill, victim of manic-depressive breakdowns, scholar, idler, genteel brawler, family rebel and chronicler, self-effacing, egoistic, inaccessible, confessional

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—all this and much more, so much of fact and emotional revelation that one can hardly believe one owes it to thirty-five pages of prose and twenty-three short poems.

Nor is this experience veiled or dominated by the poetry; if anything, the poetry Lowell has contrived for this book takes the gloves off the experience, brings it in close-ups to the reader:

After a hearty New England breakfast,
I weigh two hundred pounds
this morning. Cock of the walk,
I strut in my turtle-necked French sailor's jersey
before the metal shaving mirrors,
and see the shaky future grow familiar
in the pinched, indigenous faces
of these thoroughbred mental cases,
twice my age and half my weight.
We are all old-timers,
each of us holds a locked razor.

Experience here does not yield to the overt signs of verse, regular meter, rhyme, juggled syntax; when convenient, these show up, but the idea seems to be to use verse chiefly as a way of making more rapid transitions than any but surrealist prose allows, and, in addition, to slough off the obligation to full accountability which prose at least promises. The burial of that formal poetry which for years was one of Lowell's distinctions seems to go with his attempt to bury a raging ego, and, in the book's opening poem—three regular sonnets—these are associated with his leaving the Catholic Church, which had long dominated both his life and verse: over the Alps, from Rome to Paris, his "mountain-climbing train had come to earth. Tired of the querulous hush-hush of the wheels, the blear-eyed ego kicking in my berth/lay still, and saw Apollo plant his heels/on terra firma . . ."

The "terra firma" of *Life Studies* is the poet's family, which he depicts in these pages with a clarity, detail, and affection which look like his attempt to hold on to them through the horrific benders of his ego. The sections about his Grandfather are close to idylls:

Nowhere was anywhere after a summer
at my Grandfather's farm.
Diamond-pointed, athirst and Norman,
its alley of poplars
paraded from Grandmother's rose garden
to a scarey stand of virgin pine,
scrub, and paths forever pioneering.

Against that time and place, with its solidity, self-confidence, and richness, the other lives in this book are reduced and shattered; the idyllic view is hedged by this knowledge:

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Mother, you smile
as if you saw your Father
inches away yet hidden, as when he groused
behind a screen
over a National Geographic Magazine,
whenever young men came to court you
back in those settled years of World War One.

I suppose that the general intellectual viewpoint behind this book is the view that bourgeois life has persistently cheapened standards, so that the division between the powers and the intellectuals has isolated and maddened the latter and brutalized the former. In Lowell's pages, this viewpoint is earned when it is not asserted. When it is asserted—as in a poem about Eisenhower's first inauguration—the rhetoric seems inherited, the attitude easier than the words.

Dickensian in size, Proustian in complexity and theme, Lowell's characters—whether private like Commander Billy Harkness, the "human ash-heap," or famous like Santayana, "unbelieving, unconfessed, and unreceived"—are the chief visible factor of this book's classic stance. These and the marvelously moving poems, at the end, about the poet's madness.

Last of the Maskilim

HALICHA LADROR: THE HISTORY OF THE LIBERATION OF MANKIND. By REUVEN ARJE-LEV. Milah Books (Tel Aviv).

Reviewed by A. V. SHERMAN

THIS book conveys the special flavor of the political thinking produced in the Russian Pale of Settlement in the late 19th century, when Jewish youths whose studies had been confined to the Talmud suddenly discovered the world of secular learning. As "externes," who taught themselves enough at home to take the final examination at the gymnasium, they approached secular knowledge avidly—and with the same mental habits engendered by intensive Talmudic study at the yeshiva. Their boldness in passing judgment on the world was usually untrammeled by the intellectual discipline imposed by the organized studies of the gymnasium. Their writings were vivid, unfettered, and dynamic. They were men of their own self-made renaissance.

Without an understanding of their background and psychology, one cannot appreciate the attitudes, virtues, and shortcomings of that generation of self-taught Pale intellectuals which left its mark not only on Jewish life, but also on the labor and revolutionary movements in many parts of the world, including Russia and America. Their influence still lingers in the press and politics of Israel.

The type of the East European yeshiva intellectual survives today in the Israeli yeshivas. Most yeshiva graduates, now as then, remain Orthodox; others are still being drawn into various secular movements of rebellion; still others find a synthesis of some sort between religion and revolution, either in the National Religious party, in Herut (which has quite a following among Orthodox youth), or elsewhere—like Mr. Arje-Lev.

The main characteristics of his book are a sense of mission, unlimited self-confidence, and a complete disregard for the canons of scholarship. Although Mr. Arje-Lev modestly refrains from providing us with any biographical data, his frequent denigrations of universities lead one to suppose that he did not receive a university education. "Subject index and bibliography are not given, due to vast scope of book and enormous volume of recent material used," the author informs us. "Furthermore, main ideas were drawn preferably from raw facts or directly from life and experience, and were tested by application. The book is a unity, and should be read from beginning to end, slowly. . . ." Since the book does not reach the 20th century until its last few pages, it is difficult to see what "raw facts" or "experience" could have been involved.

In any event, the author offers us a history of man's drive for freedom from the days of Abraham to the present day, bestowing blame and praise lavishly on the participants and enjoying full emotional involvement in every period. Judging from his early chapters, the "vast scope and enormous volume" of his study

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did not encompass ancient history, since he relies almost exclusively on Biblical sources: "The first empire was Sumeria, founded by Nimrod, a great hunter and warrior. Next came Egypt, a most fertile land . . . created the beginning of arts and knowledge and buried them under a vast pile of incredibly stupid animal-worshiping religion." He denounces the Greeks, of all people, for being "devoid of the liberating spirit."

Throughout, he gives us "teach-yourself-history" generalizations in the turgid style familiar to readers of the less civilized Hebrew press. Here, for example, is his picture of the United States at the end of the last century:

"A horde of demagogic politicians . . . sold it to the robber barons, a group of young men who had stayed at home to get rich selling bad meat and defective rifles to the idealists who went to fight for freedom. With the help of 'Darwinist' preachers who glorified them and the corrupt 'veteran politicians' they soon controlled the government and rising industry . . . sent ships and agents to Europe to drag over millions of the most unresisting and passive poor . . . began cutting wages and increasing hours and soon produced financial collapses . . . police and troops shot down hungry strikers who resisted wage-cutting . . . the American Republic fell and the Roman American Empire began to take its place."

Mr. Arje-Lev's panacea is a return to the Torah, which, he claims, is the sole source of man's drive toward freedom. The role of the Hebrew Bible in European politics has already been the subject of considerable study, and he adds nothing to our ideas on this question. His claim that a return to the Torah will solve all social, economic, and political problems is no novelty to Israelis—all the clerical parties say the same thing, though none of them have yet explained why they fight each other so bitterly. Like the clerical parties, Mr. Arje-Lev urges the Torah on Israel as the answer to all her problems, and then leaves it to others to work out the details. But then, as already suggested, the main interest in his book lies not in its intrinsic merits but rather in its quality as a period piece, a glimpse at one of the last of the *maskilim*.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

MOSES HADAS is Jay Professor of Greek at Columbia. His essay "Judaism and the Hellenistic Experience" appeared in August 1956.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, the Oxford historian, is author of *The Last Days of Hitler* (1947), *The Gentry* (1953), and other books.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN, associate professor of economics at Barnard College, last month contributed "Is Keynesian Economics Outdated?"

A. J. P. TAYLOR, a new contributor, is a tutor at Magdalen College, Oxford, and has published many books on modern European history.

RICHARD G. STERN, also a newcomer, teaches at the University of Chicago and has written fiction and criticism for various quarterlies.

A. V. SHERMAN, a former London *Observer* correspondent in Israel, reviewed *Ben Gurion*, by Robert St. John, in our April number.

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